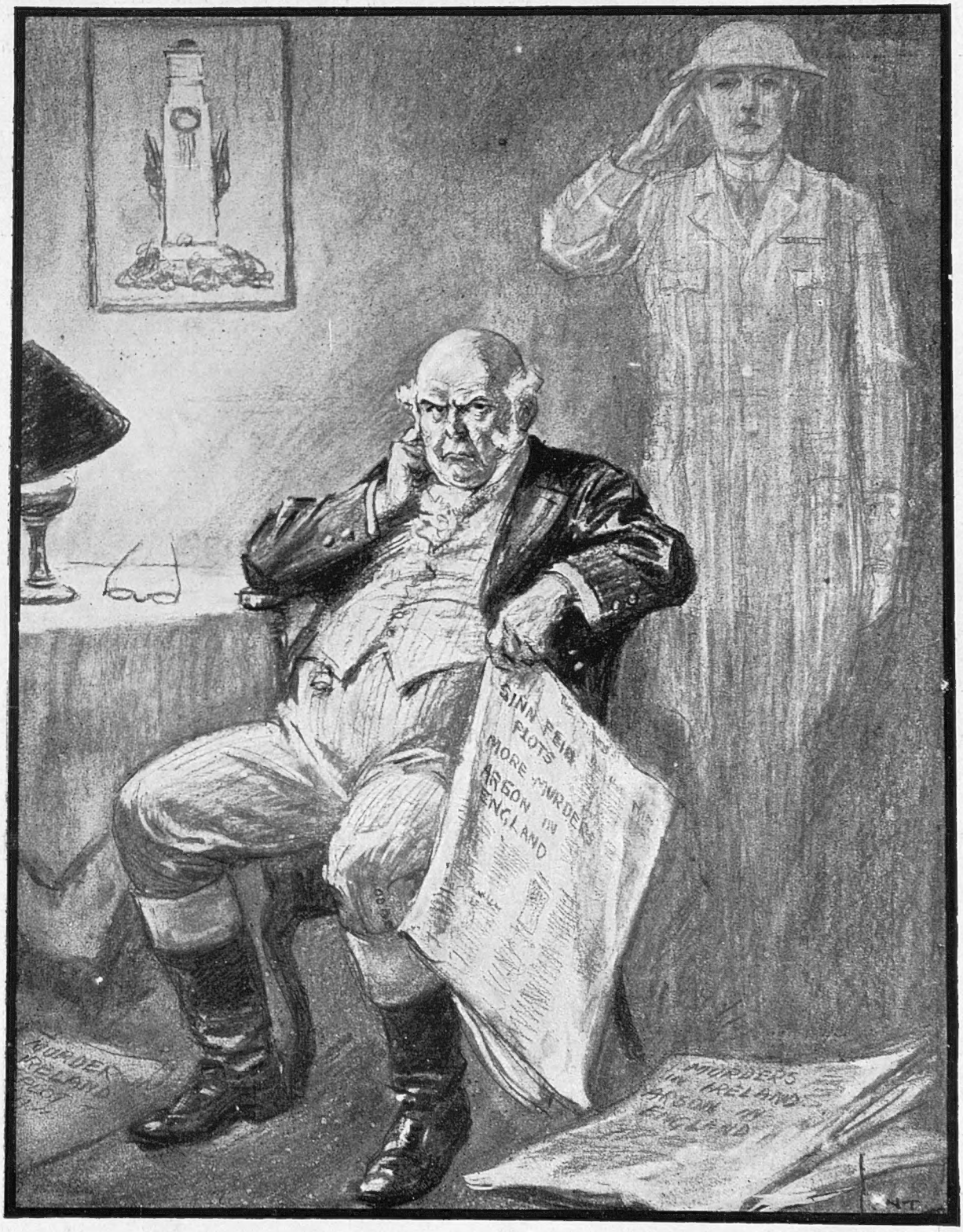
The Bystander, December 8, 1920. No. 888. Vol. LXVIII.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

A VOICE FROM THE GLORIOUS DEAD: "CARRY ON!"

ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540.) 2.30 and 7.45.
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Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, December 6.
WILKIE BARD, RUTH VINCENT, BROS. ARNAUT, GEO. SHURLEY'S CO., VERNON WATSON, ROB WILTON, DAN ROLYAT, VIVIAN FOSTER, Varieties.

ADELPHI. Nightly 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.
"THE NAUGHTY PRINCESS."
W. H. BERRY, Lily St. John, Leon Morton, GEORGE GROSSMITH.
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COURT THEATRE. SLOANE SQUARE STATION.
Nightly at 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.
J. B. FAGAN'S Production of
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

DALY'S. JOSÉ COLLINS in "A SOUTHERN MAID."
Mark Lester and Full Cast.
Every Evening at 8. Matinées, Tues. & Sats., at 2.15.
XMAS ARRANGEMENTS TWICE DAILY, Dec. 27 to Jan. 1.
Afterwards as usual.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722) MARIE LÖHR
in "FEDORA."
Every Evening at 8.30. Matinées Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

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A Musical Play.
Every Evening at 8.
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"THE WANDERING JEW."
E. Temple Thurston's Wonderful Play.
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ARTHUR BOURCHIER. KYRLE BELLEW.
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 2d. per copy. Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

THE GRAPHIC
ISSUED ON FRIDAY MORNING
will contain—
AN ACCOUNT OF THE ROMANTIC REPUBLIC OF GEORGIA IN THE CAUCASUS:
Described and illustrated by Mme. Vandervelde.
A MECCA FOR THE THIRSTY — AND BLOODTHIRSTY.
Describing the beer, bulls, and "the bank" for Americans on the Mexican Border.
THE TEUTON TURNED TOYMAN.
THE FIERY FURNACES OF THE FIVE TOWNS
In the heart of industrial England; drawn by Dudley Tennant.
JOHN BULL'S BEEF AT SMITHFIELD.
By Gilbert Holiday and Hannen Swaffer.
Another instalment of Robert Hichens' Story
"THE WOMAN FROM RUSSIA."
1/- "THE GRAPHIC" **1/-**

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Contrasts

On November 11 we again celebrated the anniversary of our victory in the greatest war of history. Yet, a few days later, Downing Street is barricaded; all precautions, we read in the papers, have been taken to protect Buckingham Palace; the Houses of Parliament are in a "state of siege"; Cabinet Ministers and other public men have to be "shadowed" with the utmost care; certain newspaper offices even swarm with police and soldiers. Things are not yet so bad as they were in Belgium between 1914 and 1918, but we must confess that they are of the same complexion. We have not put up so good a fight as did Belgium, nor have we the same plea of an overwhelming foe with which to explain our loss of freedom in the capital of the Empire.

"Blissful" England

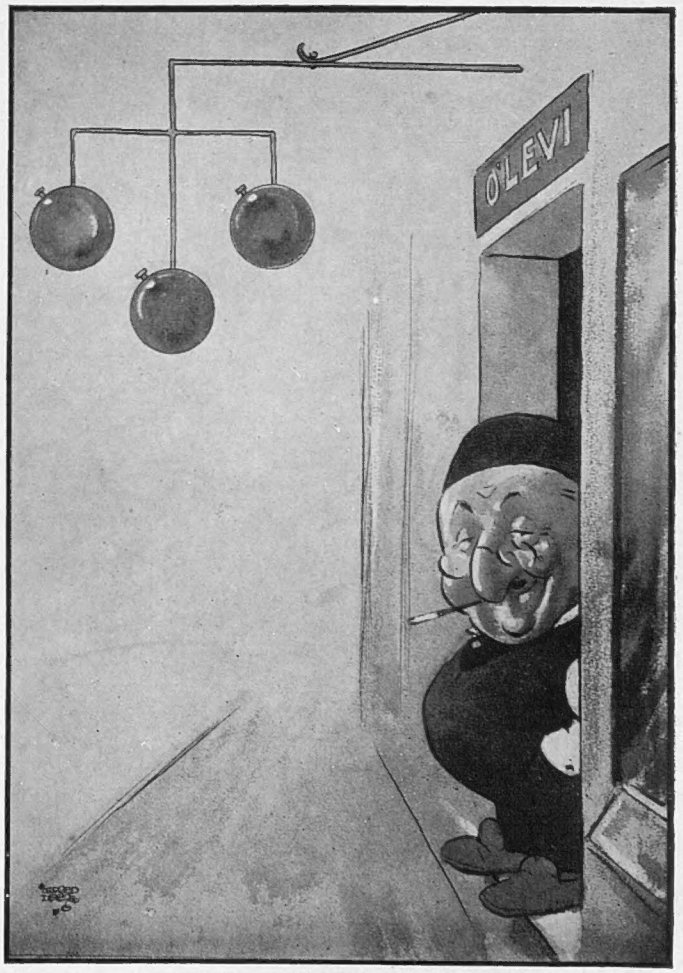
What strange ideals of happiness and home some people have! Three copies of the *Daily Herald*, given to her by Lenin, afforded Mrs. Sheridan, who has been sculpting the Bolshevik leaders in their lairs, "a blissful evening." "Goodness!" she cries, "one feels as though one had looked through a window and seen home on the horizon." And what, think you, had she been reading that gave her this blissful vision of home? She tells us. It was, "The Irish Rebellion, and the miners' dispute, the Irene Munro murder and the Bamberger case." Here's bliss for you! Here's "Home Sweet Home!" Are these really the things typical of the Englishman's home to-day? Perhaps, at least let us hope so, it was Bolshevik Russia that made them seem, in Mrs. Sheridan's eyes, peaceful, innocent and sweetly domestic by comparison.

"Are you a Jew?"

In these days of the "League of Nations" and the "Self-determination" of peoples, however small, one would think that any man would slap himself on the chest and boldly say, for example, "I am a Latvian," with all the pride of the old-time "Civis Romanus sum." But, somehow or other, it does not seem to work out yet quite in this way. In the United States, for example, the millions of Ethiopian citizens are not content to be called simply "Americans," which, of course, is their proper designation. They will freely call each other "nigger" and "cullud pussons," but by the rest of the world they demand to be spoken of as "Afro-Americans." On the other hand, a far less numerous body of citizens, of mixed descent, but forming one republic, has of late years insisted very strongly upon identifying themselves with the whole republic and not a division thereof. It was about August 4, 1914, that I first realised how many, and how patriotic, were the Swiss amongst us. Mr. Justice Darling, the other day, said that he had tried to help a man, asked by counsel whether he was not a Scotsman, by saying that he himself was one. Personally, I have never met a Scotsman who wished, even if he were able, to disguise the fact. But who am I to set myself up against Mr. Justice Darling? As the Lord Chief Justice said, at the time, "to ask a man if he is a Scotsman does not reflect on him, but there are people who imagine that when the question is asked 'Are you a Jew?' it is intended to be prejudicial." It is evident, of course, that what Lord Reading really meant, was that the answer was expected to be prejudicial. Why? The "League of Nations" has evidently much hard work before it.

Women at Cambridge?

Women slipped very quietly through into their full membership of the University of



By Alfred Leete

THE TOPICAL TOUCH

Mr. O'Levi of Dublin brings his sign up to date

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Oxford. But there is a terrific fight going on over the same question at Cambridge. The Senate will have to settle it the very day this number appears, and will, therefore, unfortunately, be deprived of the advice of THE BYSTANDER. It is this. Without declaring for one side or the other, why should not Cambridge wait a few years and see what happens at Oxford? I know that there are those at Oxford who were quite content to grant women their wish, but who are, now that it is too late, beginning to think they made a mistake. On the other hand, there are women's champions who are more enthusiastic than ever. In the history of such old institutions as Oxford and Cambridge, and the infinitely older institution of Woman, a period of ten years or so, or even twenty, cannot matter much. With an opportunity to watch how the new scheme works at Oxford, surely Cambridge should take full advantage of it before committing herself.

WORDS OF THE MIGHTY By W. E. WIGFULL

THE ORACLE: "You have no more money? Then we must all economise—even my high priests!"

Obituary Omissions

To his old friends there was one strange omission and one great error in all the references to the death of George Giddens in America a week or so ago. All these writers seem to have forgotten that, like several other actors of note, George Giddens had more than ordinary gifts as an artist, and as a young man had studied art in Paris with a view to making it his profession. But it was about his age that everyone seemed to be so at sea. One paper said sixty-six, another said sixty-eight. How George would have laughed. Years ago he told me that he was the same age as Charles Wyndham. He was certainly more than eighty when he died, and when he left England for America was the youngest looking man of his years I had ever seen. I forget just how long ago it was that he played "Tony Simpkin" at the Haymarket, but it seems hard to realise that that wonderful performance was by a man turned sixty.

A Great Singer

"THERE will never be another Patti," says a reviewer of Mr. Herman Klein's newly published *The Reign of Patti*. For those, like myself, who never heard the great singer in her prime, this may seem to be rather much to say. But I can quite imagine her contemporaries believing it to be perfectly true. I shall never forget how Edouard de Reszké, the great Polish basso spoke of her. He told me that he thought her the greatest singer he had ever heard. Edouard de Reszké made his operatic *début* in a company in which Patti was the *prima donna*. He was then a youth of nineteen, and between that date and Patti's retirement he sang with her all over the world in all the famous operas of the period. "Never once in all that time," he said to me, "did I leave the stage when Patti was on it. If I were not on in the scene, I would always stand in the wings until she came off. Not for anything would I have missed a single note she sang." It would be hard, I think, to find a more generous tribute than this paid by one great artist to another.

Bessborough—not Desborough

THE announcement by the *Times* that, Lord Desborough had died suddenly whereas it was Lord Bessborough, who had, unfortunately, done so, is not at all astonishing, for many titles are very much like one another, and can easily be mistaken. I have often thought it extraordinary that a peer should choose for his title a name that is very like, or identical with, another name already in the peerage; for while it is difficult for him to change his actual surname, it would be very easy to pick out a title that would distinguish him.

The Puzzle of Peerage Titles

FOR example, we have Earl Amherst and Baron Amherst of Hackney; Baron Ashton and Baron Ashton of Hyde; Earl Berkeley and the Baroness of Berkeley; Clifton of Chudleigh and Clifton of Leighton Bromswold; Lord Desart and Lord Dysart; Earl Grey, Baron Grey de Ruthyn, Viscount Grey of

Continued on page 712)

Our Collectors—Mr. C. B. Cochran

BY E. T. REED

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED HAD HE GONE TO "LIL OL' AFRICA" INSTEAD OF U.S.A.

Mr. Cochran's craze for collecting exotic beauties and other strange objects of human interest, when on his travels, is well known. Our artist shows the probable result had he visited the wilds of Africa. The mannequins and models from Matabeleland would be sure of a warm welcome from all but their British rivals

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Fallodon, and Baroness Gray; Lifford and Lilford; the Earl of Lindsay and the Earl of Lindsey; Baron Middleton and Earl Midleton; the Earl of Morley and Viscount Morley of Blackburn; Earl Russell and Baron Russell of Liverpool. At the best of times the peerage is not easy for many people to follow, but this complication of it is most unnecessary, especially with modern titles. That is why I am glad William Weir and Andrew Weir respectively took the baronies of Weir and Inverforth, and that Thomas Dewar as Lord Dewar differentiated himself from his brother John, who took the title of Forteviot.

Courtesy Titles

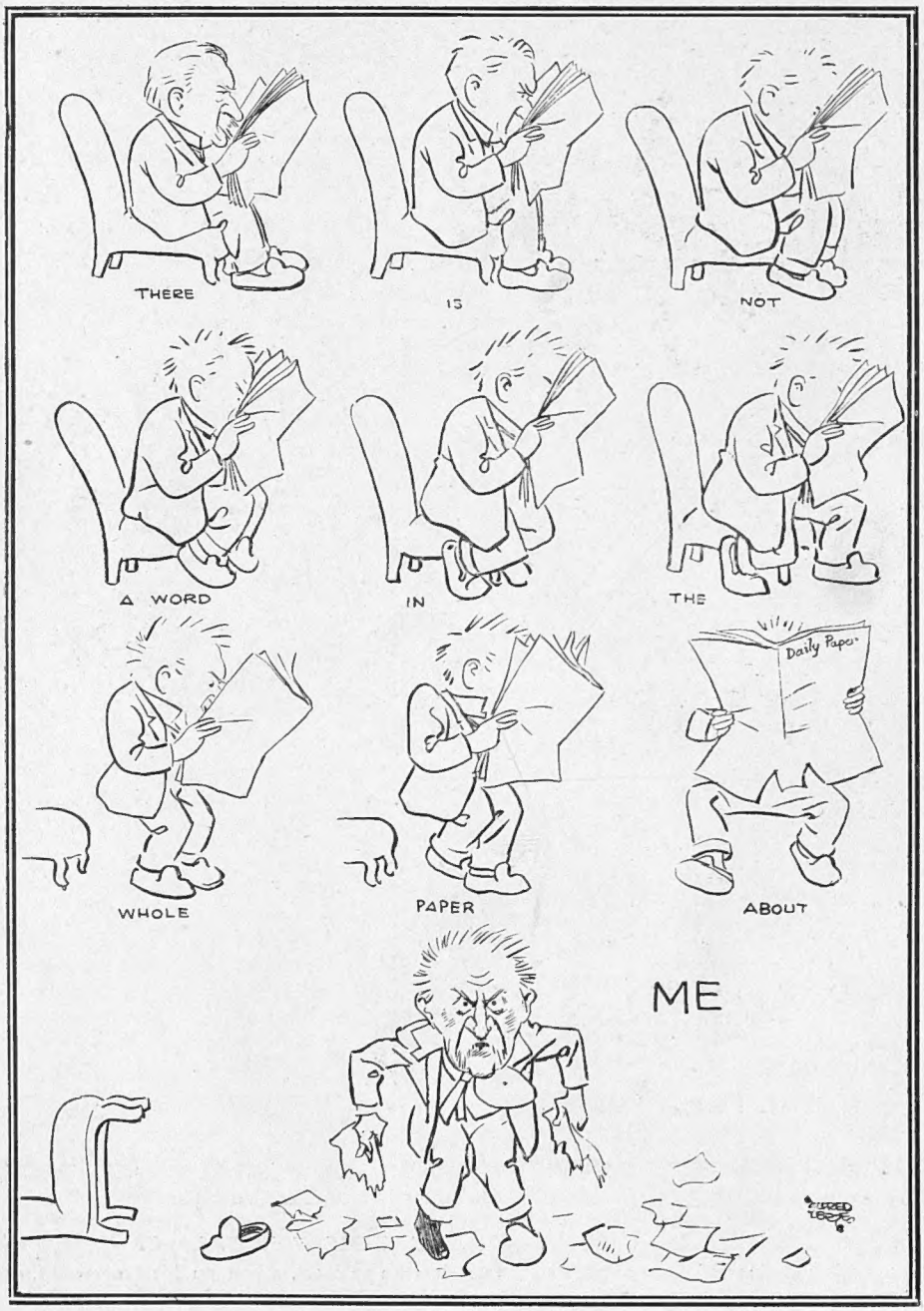
THE whole thing is infinitely more complicated when we come to courtesy titles. Thus Lord (Viscount) Curzon is very easily confused with Lord (Earl) Curzon of Kedleston, when the latter might easily have differentiated himself by taking the title of Kedleston.

Foreigner Peeresses

THE new Countess of Bessborough is French, being the only daughter of the Baron de Neuflize. Comparatively few of our peeresses, however, are foreign, and fewer still have a Teutonic origin, for our peerage has been very little affected by our dynastic traditions in this respect. Candida Marchioness of Tweeddale is Italian, Lady Brabourne is a Viennese, Lady Haldon is a Russian, and so is the consort of Lord Weardale. On the other hand, quite a number of peers' daughters have married foreigners, one of the best known being the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, who married Marconi. But, then, he himself is half Irish.

The Lyric Lyre

WHAT is the nationality of Emmerich Kalman, the composer of the music of *A Little Dutch Girl*, with which Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. J. L. Sacks have opened their managerial campaign at the Lyric? Nobody seems to know, and the music itself offers no solution. There are not only strains in score and story which recall *The Merry Widow*, but some of the reel-like music might have been written by a Scotsman. It may, however, be taken for granted that, even although there may be a bar on German performers, German music itself, if not German artists, will get a hearing — if good.

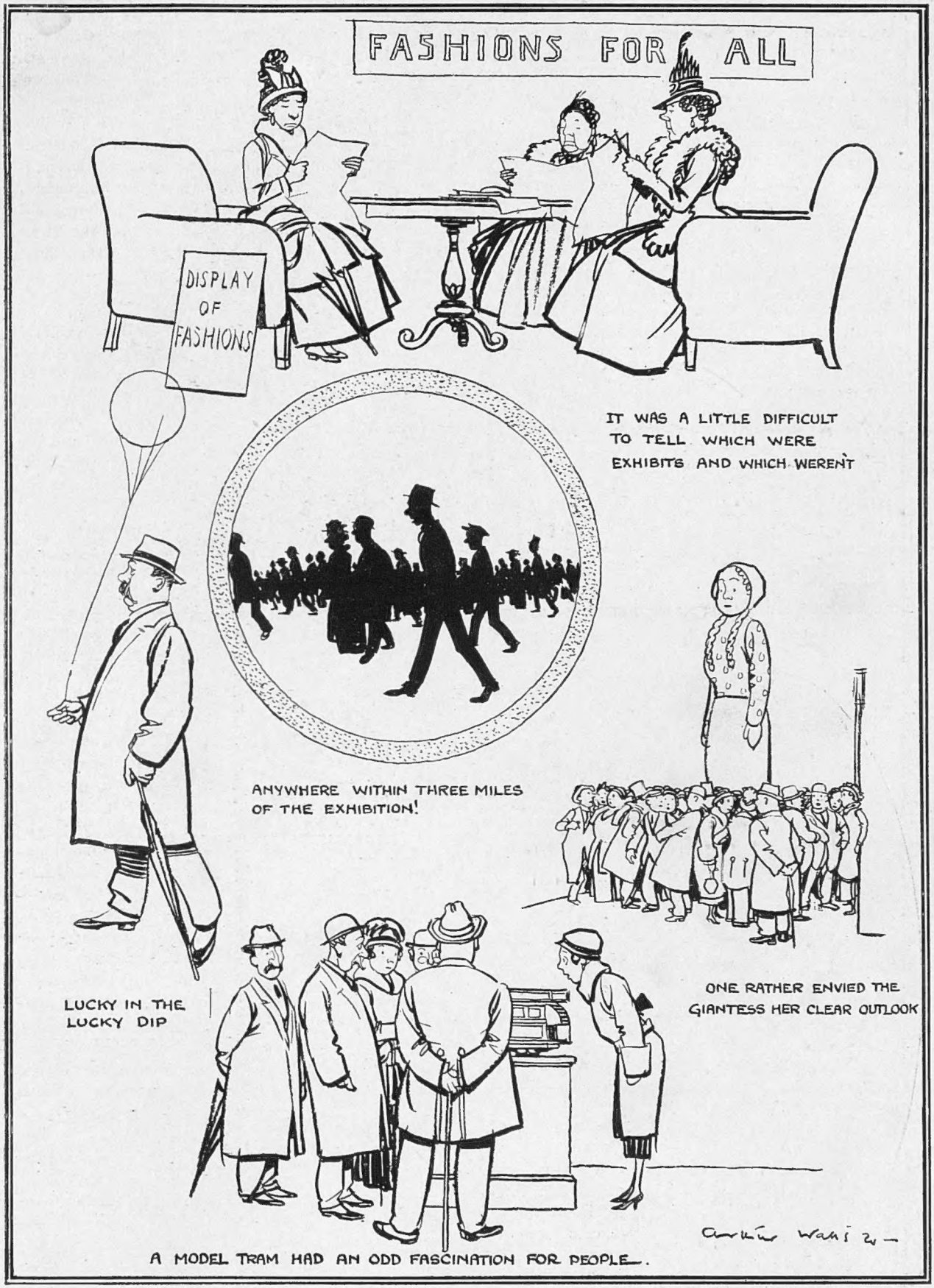


WHEN SMILLIE CANNOT SMILE By Alfred Leete

Mars and Music

MUSICAL people, who are rarely interested in politics, do not believe that German music is bad because it is German. The War, on the other hand, has decided that German music is not necessarily good because it is German, a belief which had got a great hold of us before the War. As a matter of fact, in the case of serious music, the young English composers are far ahead of the Germans, while in lighter music, neither France nor Germany has yet touched Sullivan. It is certain we can produce better vocalists than the Germans.

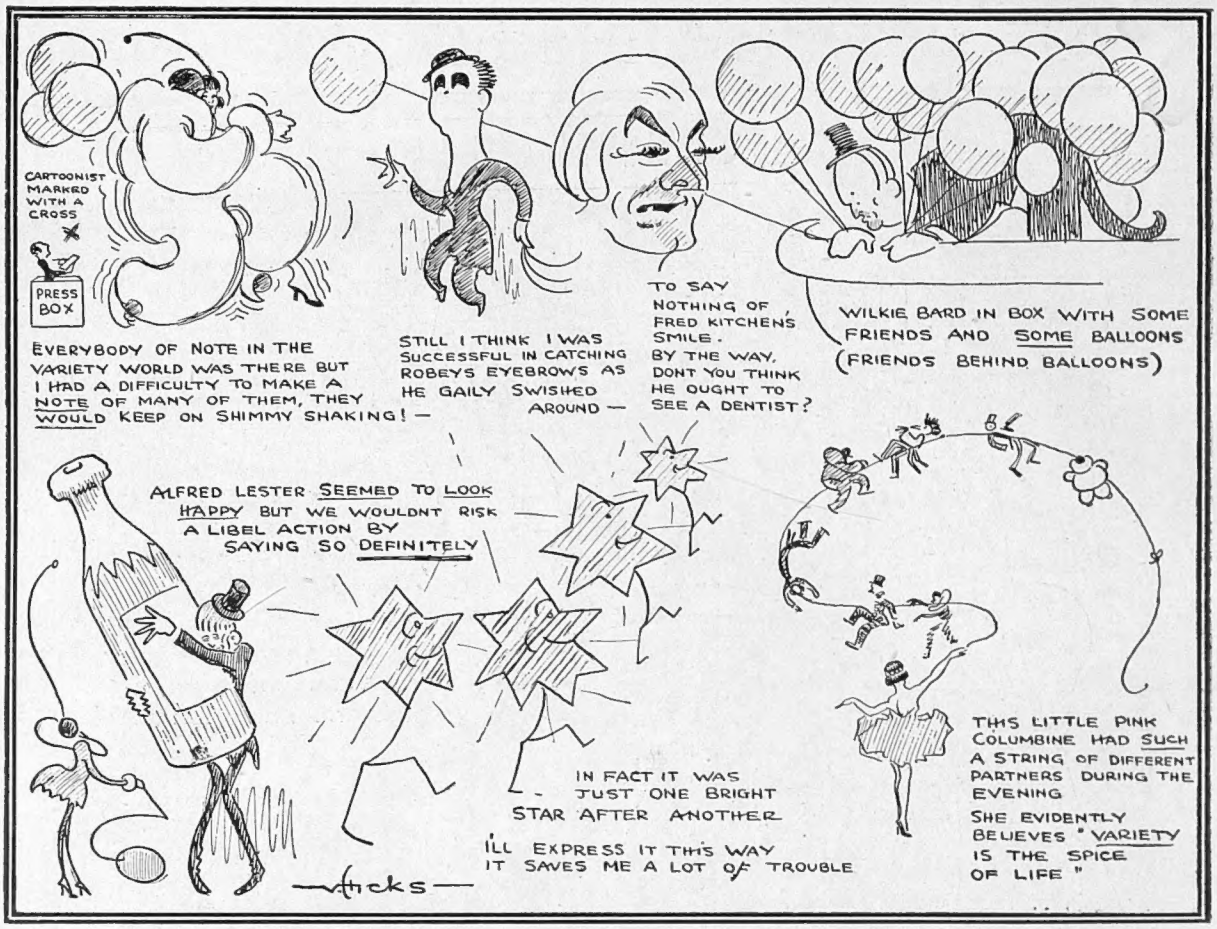
At the Other End of the Queue



BY ARTHUR WATTS

IMPRESSIONS AT THE ADVERTISING EXHIBITION

The First International Advertising Exhibition held at the White City last week was a tremendous success. Advertising was shown as a fine art, and the numerous well-known personalities that greet us from our paper every morning at breakfast (or in bed) helped us to realise the powerful appeal of attractive publicity. A feature of the Exhibition was the apparently interminable queue of people awaiting admission



SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE VARIETY BALL By Victor Hicks

The great Albert Hall was the scene of a huge "variety" entertainment last week. Besides all the well-known actors and actresses of to-day, many older stars of the past appeared in the costumes in which they achieved fame. All the proceeds went to the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund.

Photograph *Sport and General*

A NEW ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

Sir Cecil Burney, who was second in command of the Grand Fleet, Dec. 1914—Nov. 1916, has just been promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet, consequeat upon the death of Admiral Sir George Callaghan

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Our New Ambassador in Paris

I believe Lord Hardinge of Penshurst and the late Marquis of Dufferin are the only two men who have been British Ambassadors in Petrograd, in Paris, and Viceroys of India, and in each case the British Embassy in the Rue St. Honoré has followed Government Houses at Calcutta and Simla. Lord Dufferin was Ambassador also in Constantinople and Rome. Lord Hardinge has never served in Rome, but he was an attaché in Constantinople.

The analogy between the two careers goes even into their private lives. Lord Dufferin's eldest son, Lord Ava, one of the most delightful and charming of men, was killed in the Boer War. Lord Hardinge's eldest boy, Edward, died of wounds in 1914.

The Choice of a Title

When our new Ambassador to France was raised to the peerage in 1910 on his appointment to India he chose the title of Lord Penshurst, the little village in Kent for ever associated with the names of Sir Philip and Algernon Sidney. His grandfather, the first Viscount Hardinge, who was a Field-Marshal and Governor-General of India, settled at Penshurst, at South Park, and Lord Hardinge's brother, the present Viscount, still lives there. The present representative of the Sidneys, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, lives at the historic Penshurst Place, and owns the village. He is descended, too, from the ancient Earls of Leicester, amongst whose titles is a barony of Penshurst. Lord De L'Isle naturally

(Continued on page 716)

A Welcome Visitor

WHO IS STAYING WITH THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE PALACE

Photograph *C. Vandyk, Ltd.*

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK

Together with the King and Princess Margaret, arrived in England last week on a visit to the Royal Family. The portrait was taken in Copenhagen prior to the Queen's departure

protested against the new Viceroy's assumption of the title of Penshurst, hence the title of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst. It has caused some confusion since, owing to our English habit of addressing all peers, whatever their degree, as "Lord," the two brothers are both Lord Hardinge, except officially and upon their letters.

A Young Châtelaine

IN the same year that he lost his eldest son, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst lost his wife, one of the cleverest and most charming of women. She was a Sturt, daughter of the first Lord Alington and one of Queen Alexandra's most devoted friends. The duties of hostess in our princely Embassy in the Rue St. Honoré will, therefore, fall upon Lord Hardinge's daughter, Diamond—a heavy task for a girl of twenty. But she has been bred in the atmosphere of Courts and Embassies, and has inherited no little share of her mother's tact and charm. Her name, an unusual one, was given her because King Edward's horse, Diamond Jubilee, won the Derby in the year she was born. King Edward was her godfather.

Photograph *G.P.U.*

WEDDING OF LADY MOIRA SCOTT AND MAJOR COMBE, D.S.O.

The ceremony took place last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell. It was quite a scene of pre-war splendour as the bride and bridegroom left the church under an archway of swords held by Royal Horse Guardsmen in full-dress uniform

Photograph *Alexander Corbett*

LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY AND HER SON

A charming study of mother and son, who spend most of their time in Paris, where the little boy is always recognised by strollers in the Bois

The Latest Ducal Wedding

THE marriage of the Duke of Westminster to Mrs. Rowley was not unexpected; in fact, it was prophesied some little time ago. The older-fashioned members of the Duke's family may not, perhaps, regard it with full satisfaction, but in these days family opinion counts for nothing at all. The Duke was divorced by his first wife; Mrs. Rowley divorced her first husband.

The question everybody is asking now is, "Will the Duke's first wife still continue to call herself 'Duchess of Westminster'?" She has married again, and to a commoner. Legally, therefore, she is plain "Mrs." It seems scarcely fair to divorce a man, marry another, and still call yourself by your divorced husband's name. Think of the confusion of two Duchesses of Westminster!

(Continued on page 718)

Wedded at the Chapel Royal

Photograph G. P. U.

LADY NORAH SPENCER CHURCHILL AND MR. F. BRADLEY-BIRT

Whose wedding last week was attended by many notabilities; an unusual feature of the ceremony was the long line of guests which waited for admittance to the small chapel. Viscount Calne and Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, shown in our photograph, are the son and daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kerry, and acted as the bride's train-bearers

Perhaps the lady who divorced the Duke may call herself Sheila, Duchess of Westminster—but that sounds so old and dowagerish. As a matter of fact, I believe, there is nothing in the law to prevent any of us *calling* ourselves what we like. My Editor, for instance, could call himself the Viscount Bystander, and none could say him nay—but unless he added the word *alias*, followed by the names given in his baptism and inherited from his progenitor, in all legal documents, the law could pounce upon him.

A Precedent

THE first wife of that very much divorced peer, the late Lord Cowley, called herself Countess Cowley although she married again. She likewise bore the Cowley arms upon her carriages. Lord Cowley went to law about it, but the lady won the case, chiefly on the plea that she was the mother of the heir to the title. This does not hold good in the Westminster matter as the only son of the Duchess's first marriage died when a baby. It will be interesting to see what happens.

Photographs *Bassano, Ltd.*

TO WED A PRINCE

Miss D. Page-Turner, the youngest surviving daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Page-Turner, of Ambrosden, Oxon, is engaged to H.S.H. Prince George G. Imeretinsky, late of the Grenadier Guards, and eldest son of Prince and Princess Imeretinsky. He served with his Regiment during the War and was severely wounded at Ypres

Photograph **VISIT OF DANISH ROYALTY** *L.N.A.*

A happy photograph taken on their arrival at Gravesend last week of the King and Queen of Denmark and Princess Margaret (on left). This is their first visit to London since before the War

The Light that Beats upon Cinema Queens

LADY DIANA COOPER and other charming dames of the *haute monde* who contemplate taking to acting for the films had better have a care as to the lighting arrangements in the studios in which they exercise their talent before the camera. I have heard of several instances of cinema players being nearly blinded by the lights which are being used. Only last week one of our most popular *jeunes premiers* was taken from the studio to a big oculist in such agony that before anything could be done for him he had to be put on a sofa and given morphia. One of our cleverest actresses—who was in the same film—has been shut up in a darkened room for three weeks, and is likely to remain there for some time.

The danger is so great that more than one firm is arranging for films to be taken on the Riviera and Italy, in order to avoid the necessity of studio work in England during the winter. This is where California scores—practically perpetual sunlight.

Anglicising the Jap

"EAST is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet"—we've all accepted this like a text out of the Bible. But bless you, surgery can do

(Continued on page 720)

Eton Keeps St. Andrew's Day

IN ETON'S OWN EXCLUSIVE WAY

Photograph *Sport and General*

PLAYERS COMING OUT FOR THE WALL GAME

One of them, by the way, was late—a thing almost unprecedented in the annals of Eton

Photo Farringdon Photo Co.

CALL OVER

By "the Head," Dr. Alington

Photograph *Sport and General*

SOME SARTORIAL EFFECTS

Photograph **THE WALL GAME IN PROGRESS** *Sport and General*

St. Andrew's Day was celebrated at Eton on the Tuesday of last week with the customary rites, the chief of which is the time-honoured match between Oppidans and Collegers at the Wall Game, which is indigenous to Eton. Additional interest was given to this year's encounter by the fact that each side had scored the same number of wins in the past. It was won after a characteristically hard tussle by the Oppidans by one shy to nil

anything. Now, it has reversed the two—at least in appearance. Many of the Japanese who come to this country desire to be English in appearance as well as in clothes. The slanting tilt of the eyelids is their biggest block of stumbling. This can be removed by a comparatively slight surgical operation. A friend in a London hospital tells me that people would be amazed if they knew the number of Japanese who come to that institution for the operation. They have private rooms and pay all the fees.

On The Riviera

CANNES is still Doreening her nose in preparation for guests. The whole Littoral has been undergoing an autumnal scrubbing unequalled in its history, and whatever else happens it will be the cleanest season on record. The enlargement of the Casino at Cannes will make it the *plus beau du monde*. Cannes has always given a lead in Casino life. Once it was not always the best people who rendezvous-ed at those establishments; but now, other times, other morals, and the Casino at Cannes *is* Cannes.

DANCING and boxing are the crazes of the moment. "They are all that victory has given us," said an observant waiter at Ruhl's the other night. The boxing programme at Cannes, where M. Giraud will umpire, includes such names as Payau, Befoinge, Journée, and Fabrizy—all thrilling to the international sportsman. And dancing—they even dance during the *entre'actes* at the theatres, and near holy shrines like the Miracle at Laghet. In the mountains behind Monte Carlo there are dance pavilions, where pilgrims may regale themselves with fox-trot and bunny-hug. St. Vitus never danced like this agitated and rhythmical Riviera.

THE greatest luxury in the world is luxurious travel. Yachting is the acme of this *vie de luxe*. Already the harbour at Cannes bears witness that there is still great wealth in the world in the hands of the right people. The 1,500-ton *Liberty* of Mr. Houston, M.P., formerly Lord Tredegar's, is now at anchor there.

THE Prince of Monaco returned in the Spanish yacht *Giralda* to Monte Carlo for his fête day, and in his honour, so great were the crowds, the Casino was closed for one day, which was like "putting the lid" on Monte Carlo. There are always English at Monte Carlo—which vulgar people will call "Monte"—English whose post office address is Nice or Mentone—and other fearless Britons who pluckily live there *en pension* somewhere, some way, somehow. These considered the closed Casino a lifetime lost, when in all probability it was several *mille* francs saved for them. With comic opera *décors* and vaudeville loyalty the old Prince's birthday was spectacularly observed. Nothing is so *bouffe* as Monte Carlo: that is its allurement, its charm, its fascinating danger. Once there, one is exquisitely conscious of being a clown—tragic or happy, as you wish, as you win, as you lose; but to be there without either winning or losing is not to be there at all. Strangest, maddest, most exciting, dullest town in the world—defying analysis as its bank defies being broken.

ANOTHER birthday for Monaco, over which the Principality will make exceeding merry, is the anniversary of the marriage in March last of the dainty Duchesse de Valentinois and Comte de Polignac.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

AN ENGAGEMENT

Miss Doris Meysey-Thompson, daughter of Lord Knaresborough, has just become engaged to Captain Francis Egerton. His mother, Lady Alice Egerton, is a sister of the Duke of Leeds

Photograph THE POWER OF PUBLICITY [*Sport and General*

Sir Robert Horne, President of the Board of Trade, is seen opening the International Advertising Exhibition at the White City, which was such a tremendous success last week

And Then the Band Played!

BY FOUGASSE

"By Jove! That's a jolly fine rig-out—what are you supposed to be?"
"Ze leader of ze orchestra; egsguse me, please"

A "Star" in the Ascendant

Photograph] MISS HILDA LEWIS [*Foulsham and Banfield*

The well-known dancer and actress who has made such success in recent Adelphi shows. The above is a charming and characteristic pose hitherto unpublished

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE answer, of course, is, as they say in another place, in the affirmative. My only difficulty at the moment is that there are so many people looking. On the other hand, this does not seem to me to be a very happy title for a play. You may invite a lady to the theatre, and when she asks which play you propose to select, the title you announce may well lead to tiresome complications. Indeed, as far as I can see, you might ultimately find yourself landed in an action for breach of promise, or a prosecution for attempted bigamy (assuming that that is a statutory offence—which I don't think!), before you know where you are. The story of the play is taken from an American satire which not unreasonably claims that the Efficiency Experts of our time are overdoing it a bit. It seems that they are beginning to find it out in America, too! So many self-confident experimentalists are busy mapping out a new earth that the wonder is that some of them were not politely invited to collaborate in the original Creation. The Efficiency Experts appear wholly to ignore the common belief that there's a Divinity that shapes our ends, and can do so with good effect even when the rough-hewing has been done by a fatuous "Cabinet Committee." Which would suggest that the age of miracles is not yet past.

STAFF PARADE AT BROOK'S HOUSE

MR. JOHN W. BROOK, of Fifth Avenue, New York, is a millionaire who can refuse his children nothing. Like many another self-made man, he had a pretty rough time in his youth, and he wants to save his children the trials and troubles that he had to go through himself. If his son Billy wants a third or a fourth motor-car—well, he has only to order it. If the girls, Constance and Alice, want money—well, it is only a

question of—how much? In due course an old friend drops in. He has been introducing efficiency into Mr. Brook's business, a detail that gives the whole Efficiency game away very prettily. Mr. Brook makes a business that turns him from a mere starveling to a millionaire, and we are asked to believe that someone outside his business must, in the height of his prosperity, be called in to show him how that business ought properly to be run. And, apparently, the Experts have succeeded. The idea now is that what they have done for Mr. Brook's business they can do for his domestic affairs. Here, however, we can check the Efficiency Expert step by step, and we find inside the first ten minutes that the tin god is hollow throughout. Mr. Brook is going away for a week or two on business. In the meantime, yielding to his friend's persuasion, he appoints an Expert with plenary powers to run his Fifth Avenue home.

ANN TREVOR AS ALICE BROOK

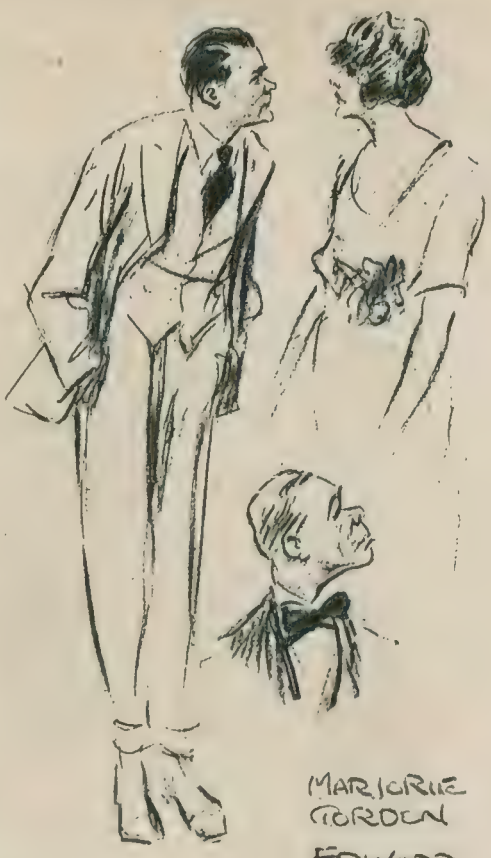
MARY BROOK AS MARY THE COOK

MARJORIE GORDON AS CONSTANCE BROOK

DONALD CALTHORP AS ALEXANDER Y. HEDGE

THE next thing the "children" know is that Mr. Alexander Y. Hedge, Efficiency Expert to the trade, is installed in the house in their father's place. He begins by reading his act of authority, and, this being unchallengeable, he goes on to enquire what allowances the children receive, and how they spend the money. Constance, the elder daughter, tries to freeze him with a haughty glance for his impertinence; while Alice, the younger, a delightful flapper, impudently calls him "Fish," because that is a shorter word than Efficiency, and time and breath are saved by the use of it. Billy, however, feels called upon to assert his authority as the big brother. He tells Mr. Alexander Y. Hedge to clear out of the place; and when Mr. Hedge calmly refuses to do anything of the kind, Billy

imprudently attempts to pitch him out neck and crop. But Hedge is efficient, among other things, in jiu-jitsu, and Billy is lying on the ground with a twisted arm before you can say "Knife!" Then Mr. Hedge says he will stop the allowances altogether, as it is not right that young people should have money if they have not earned it. Constance then begs he will be so good as to inform her how she is to buy the new clothes she is always needing, if she has no money. The reply is that Mr. Hedge will buy her clothes for her. This provokes the saucy Alice into the retort that there are certain particular articles of apparel that ladies usually prefer to choose for themselves without masculine assistance. I daresay what she says is right, only for goodness' sake don't go round saying I said so!



MARJORIE GORDON
EDWARD COMBERMERE
AND
ATHOL FORDE

I WAS not myself able to detect any unusual efficiency in the expert employed here. He was the grandiose superman all right; but he was also the mountain in labour with the proverbially insignificant result. One of his ideas is to introduce a card system into the household. If one of the "children" should want anything, particulars must be given on a card supplied. But even in households that are not efficient you don't want a card to tell you that if you haven't got the money for the thing you want, you can't buy it. Another instance of increased efficiency is exemplified by the drilling of Horace, the really delightful butler of the house, played with a dry humour by Mr. C. V. France. Mr. Hedge does not approve of Horace's short dignified steps from the kitchen to the hall. By taking longer steps Horace will not only get over the ground more quickly, but he will also conserve his vital energy and increase his efficiency.

AFTER a while Constance agrees to become Hedge's secretary as a means of getting some pocket-money. It is somewhere about this time that the osculatory performance invited by the title takes place. Constance thinks she can wheedle more money out of Hedge by pretending to be in love with him, and she asks him to kiss her. He considers such an act as a purely mechanical exercise and agrees to devote five seconds to it. The kiss seems to upset some of the internal mechanism of his system of efficiency. He found the experience rather agreeable, and thinks he would like another without any time limit. This, of course, is a direct waste of time and energy, but then Cupid was always a most inefficient lad, which is probably why he doesn't do so badly after all.

THE general effect of the kissing is to remind Mr. Alexander Y. Hedge that he is a human being, and not a machine, and that is something to the good anyway. Miss Marjorie Gordon is very charming as Constance and Miss Ann Trevor represents the lively little flapper most delightfully. Mr. Donald Calthrop is the Efficiency Expert, but he does not somehow give one the impression of being very proficient in that strange industry. He is always halting between two opinions. He begins a sentence and then leaves off in the middle to start another, and does not bear out the reputation that has been thrust upon him.

JINGLE

A SEASONABLE "FREEZE" By Victor Hicks

A Practical Yolk

BY FRANK ELIAS

Everyone knows that electric light in the poultry house results in more eggs.
—Daily Paper.

KEEPERS of poultry will be glad to know that the above is only one of the many additions to the comfort of occupants which are obtainable in a really modern run. What some of these conveniences are is suggested by a specification of a sample run lately put on the market:—

THE HENDON AND PECKHAM SUPPLY COMPANY

(City Office: Poultry, E.C.)

call attention to THEIR NEW RUN which is replete with every attraction for the residents, and is conceived on the very latest lines. THE SPECIAL FEATURES—which may be had together or separately—include THE HOUSE, perfectly appointed, and including Electric Light, Bath (H. and C.—hen and cock), luxurious perches fitted with C springs, etc.

THE LIBRARY—which is always being added to. Recent additions include: "The Parliament of Fowles," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Game Chicken (from Verdant Green)," "The Break-up of Turkey," "Henley's Poems," "The Egoist," "The Master of the Shell," and "The Cock House at Felsgarth," "Peck-sniff (from Martin Chuzzle-wit)," "The Life of Von Kluck," "The Battle of Dorking," etc. In connection with the Library there is issued a newspaper—

"THE DAILY HERALD OF THE DAWN."

Edited by A. Henderson.

The journal is the official organ of the Amalgamated Society of Feathered Servants (a body affiliated to the Bricklayers' Union, and that has as its motto: "Don't lay more than a fixed maximum.") Special article to-day: "Lloyd George, Robber of Hen-roosts." Home Notes by "Birdie." Young Readers' (Indian) Corner. Sport by Hendren and Duckat.

Page for the Chicks, etc., etc.

"VORTICUBISTS"—PORTRAYED IN KIND!

Hubby: "My dear, isn't that frock rather—er—?"
His Wife: "But, Harold, what about the pattern of your waistcoat?"

A Further Feature with which THE RUN is provided is a—

GRAMOPHONE

specially adapted for the use of feathered listeners. New records include "The Cock of the North," "The End of a Perfect Lay," "Down by the Farm," etc.

But this special gramophone is useful as well as amusing. Records of perfectly toned *Crowing* are provided and a cock waking at dawn has only to bring its bill against the check action of the instrument to release the record which continues to emit a loud crow at intervals of one minute for an hour or more—thus enabling the weary bird to enjoy a little extra much-needed rest. By the use of a similarly contrived record a successful fowl is saved the fatigue of announcing the laying of a fresh egg.

A further and final attraction is the

POULTRY CINEMA

UP-TO-DATE FILMS.

Now showing: "*Murder Most Fowl!*"

Next week: "*The Red Barn.*"

TRY OUR MODEL RUN AND WATCH RESULTS.

A Candidate at a recent Bye-Election writes:—"After a single week's use of your Run I was able to supply my supporters with all the ammunition they required for dealing with my opponent."

"Satisfied" writes: "By means of your Run I made enough money to take a house almost as large as that occupied by my tailor."

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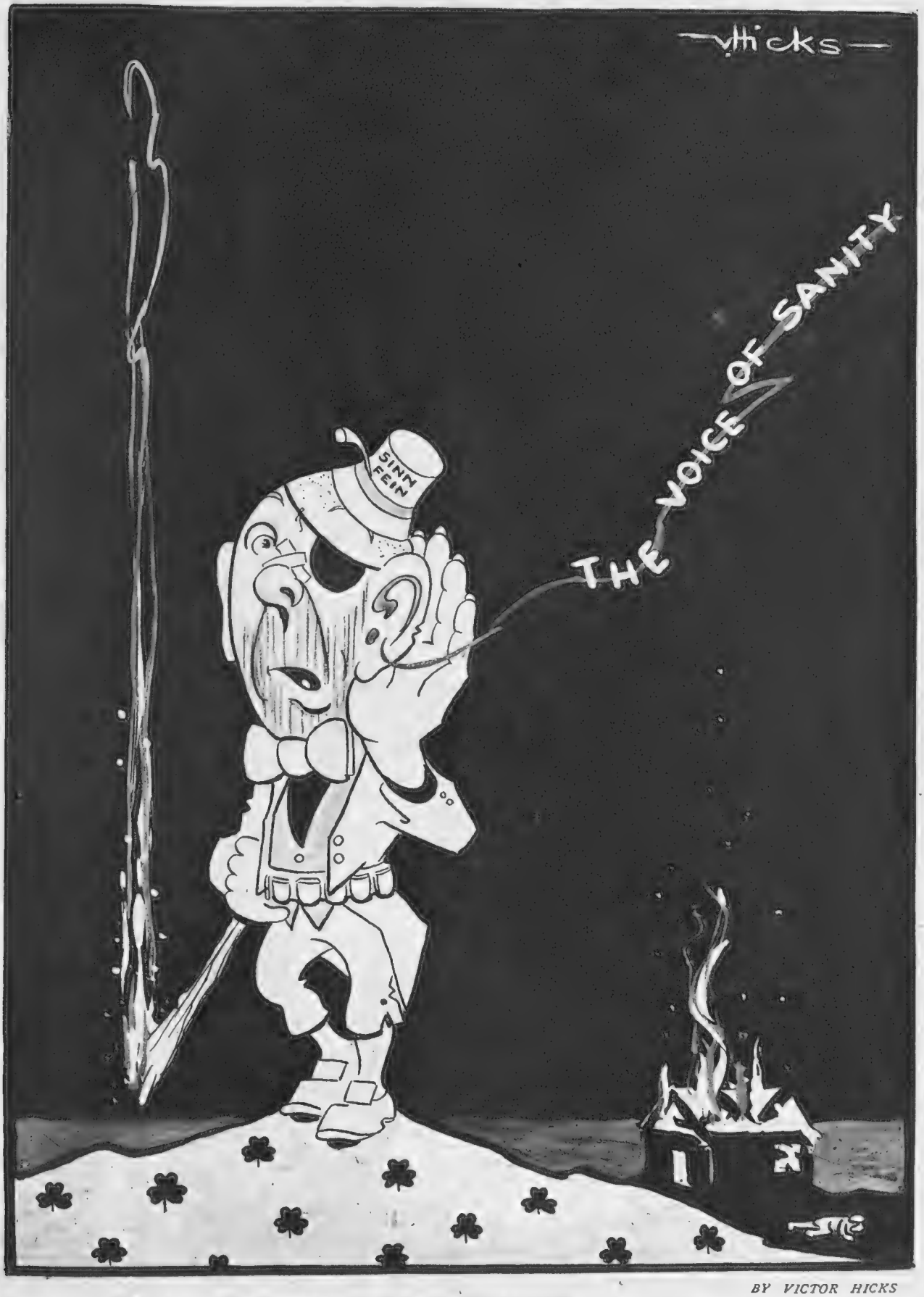
Things That Never Happen

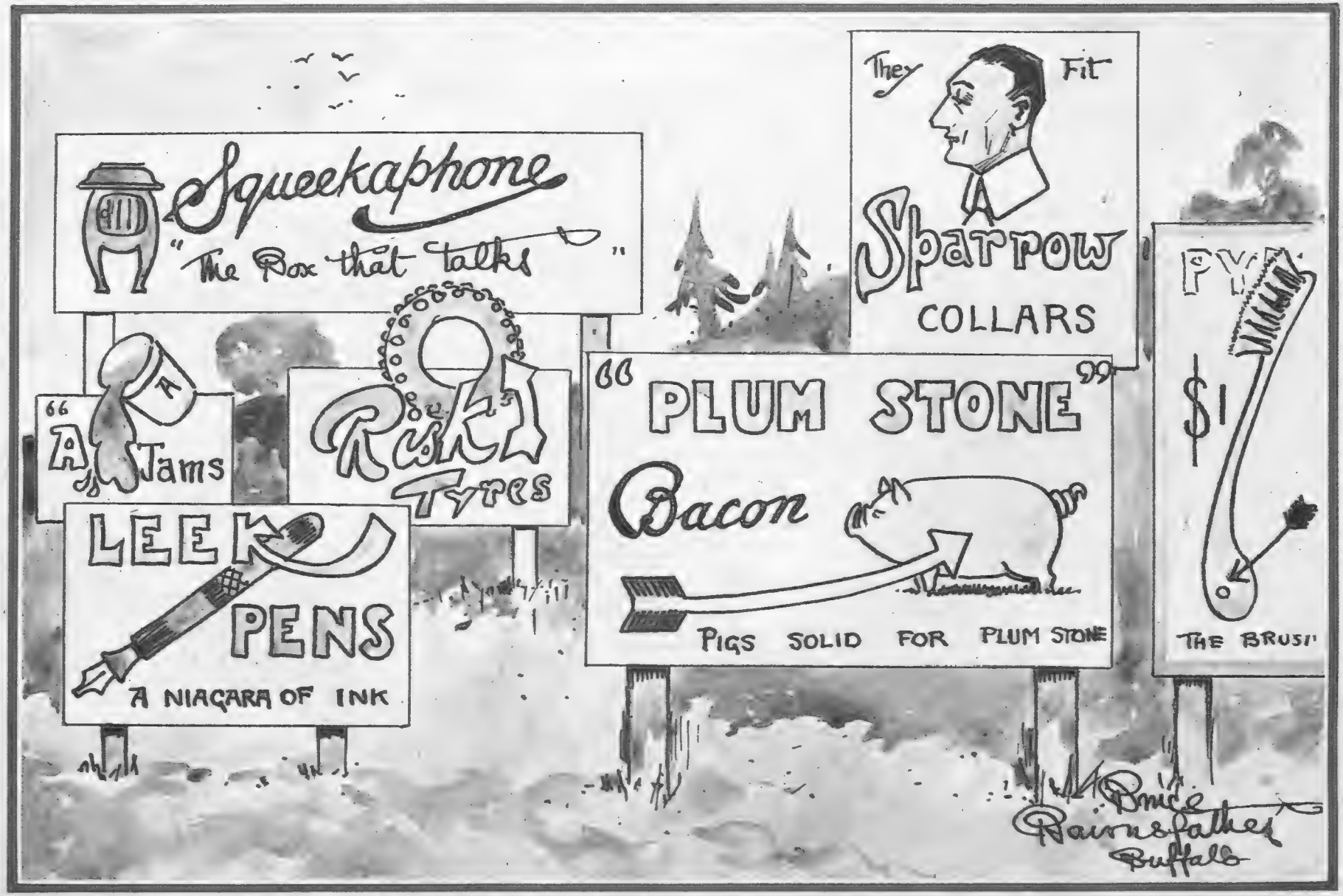
WILL OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE



BY VICTOR HICKS

No. III.—A LITTLE IRISH PARTY PAUSES TO LISTEN TO REASON

Bairnsfather in the States



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"One sees some really charming glimpses of scenery now and again from the train windows"

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin

OUR MODERN MAID

"Notre Bonne"

MES AMIS—

IT is not that she is not efficient. It is because she is so wonderful that I have much fear. She has put the *ménage* in a whirl. My dear old aunt (I have spoken to you of Aunt Geneviève before, have not I?) is in the whole bewilderment from the morning to the night, following her about from room to room in an almost ecstasy of amazement. All this for a flashing-eyed girl of nineteen years, with a very short skirt and silk stockings, who two months ago was a *mécanicien* in a motor-works and now is our *bonne à tout faire*.

SHE has staggered my dear old-fashioned aunt at the first meeting in the creamery, which is the scene of all the *rencontres* between Paris mistresses and maids. Aunt Geneviève has thought that this cavalier relationship would be quick to disappear. But Virginie has carried her away on the flood. Aunt Geneviève, instead of managing the boat, just arrives to guard her seat.

ALL of us have been so glad to have at last a *bonne*, instead of the *femme de ménage*, who did most of her work in the café of the *rez-de-chaussée*, that we have agreed Aunt Geneviève had been right to agree to all Virginie's demands. Even the *semaine anglaise!* That idea was rather fearful at first, but except for myself (who have still the disturbance to be confronted with Virginie when I go to fox-trotter at Zelli's the Saturdays); all the family have fallen into the way. All they have to do is to *manger en ville* the Saturdays and the Sundays. This was Virginie's suggestion when she was told the *semaine anglaise* was impossible. Virginie has all the time suggestions.

IT is that which goes to make us like her so much, in spite of the fact that she "thee and thou's" us all of the time. Aunt Geneviève has pleaded with her to use the third person when she has visits from the sisters of my uncle, who are so strict for the manners of the *grand monde*, to which they have the pretention to belong. Virginie simply cannot do it. She tries. But she forgets.

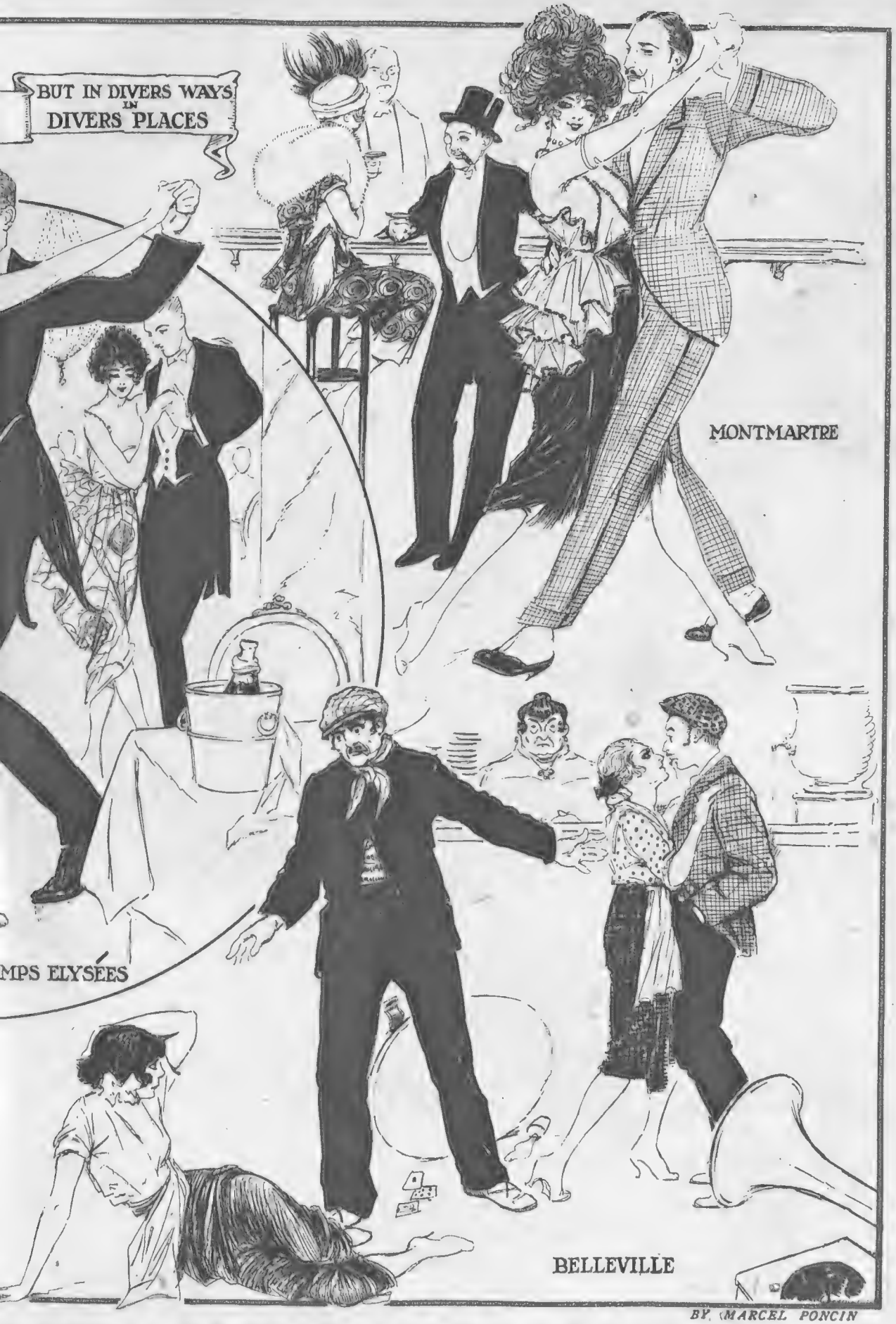
"She valses with the soup-plates"

FOR me, when she claims me as a partner at a dancing I do not mind to be *tutoyé*. Nobody could have the least suspicion that Virginie was a *bonne* in her dance-frock that looks it might be a creation of Jenny, but has been made at home by a sister who works in a dressmaker's *atelier*. She approaches me as a friend, and a friend I could not resist to be, even if I were a believer in the *snobisme*, which I am not. Her sweeping boldness knows not of obstacles. She acts the *grande dame* so unconsciously well that nobody dreams she is anything else. And if there were any doubts, her figure *de belle dame* and her flashing black eyes would carry them away by storm.

SHE dances, of course, without faults. And valses as perfectly into the dining-room with the soup-plates as she does on a Montmartre night-club floor. It is when she does a *pas* at the dinner that she gives me most the

(Continued on page 734)

Dancing in the great cities of the world is a varied pastime, but nowhere are
portrayed remarkably well the various methods of those who dance—from habitu



he different styles more marked than in Paris. M. Marcel Poncin has here
és of the salons of the Champs-Élysées to those of the estaminets of Belleville

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"This is the work I adore"

wind-up. She never makes the least reference before the others of our meetings outside of the house. Yet she has so much of the daring that I am afraid Aunt Geneviève might sometime suspect. When Virginie calls to me across the dinner-table, "What did you think of the way Harry Pilcer did that new step?" I have the extreme cold. I cannot think how Aunt Geneviève can fail to guess. While my uncle, who has known the Montmartre of the really Parisian days (if I were disrespectful I ought to say nights) should, I feel, picture at once the whole affair.

BUT no. Perhaps it is because Virginie does so much that is incomprehensible to them that they never imagine at the truth. For myself, naturally I do not mind if they did. Every young Parisian must go through the school of Montmartre if he is to know all sides of the life. But for Virginie, I am afraid it would be the end with Aunt Geneviève. Most kind-hearted of *marraines* to all the young people, she could not get out of her old traditions to accept of her *bonne à tout faire* dancing with her nephew at a Montmartre night-club. No, Virginie would have to be put to the door.

AND that would be such a mishap to all of us. It would be so much sunshine taken out of our lives. She sings, and sings, and sings. Most especially does she sing when she finds a screw has come out of the coffee-mill or a lock worn loose on a door. Then she can take out her beloved hammer, from the tool-bag she has brought along with her valise, and tap, tap away, keeping time with her strokes to the latest *cabaret* air. "This," she says, "is the work I adore." She has not much success to make the omelettes. She will let the butter burn while she goes to stop a *courant d'air* which she has found in the *cuisine* door. But she has mended the *fuite* in the bathroom much better than we have ever seen any plumber, and in as many minutes as he would have taken hours. When we hear much knocking from the kitchen we know it is Virginie making something ornamental out of a sardine-tin or a condensed-milk can.

WHEN she sweeps out the rooms she appears in the overalls she had at the *usine*, and looks for all the world like a very boyish airman about to take a joy-ride. She makes no secret of the fact that she would prefer to be back at the *usine*, much as she has come to be fond of the *vieux*, as she calls Aunt Geneviève and my uncle. In the present state of the motor-car manufacture in Paris there is not enough work for the men who can do no other trade, to say nothing of the women. So there is no danger that Virginie will for a while be tempted by the high salaries of the skilled *mécaniciens*.

"At a Montmartre night-club"

AND I think the *cent-vingt francs par mois avec trente francs de vin* would be very quickly increased by Aunt Geneviève (supported by all the family) if it were thought that Virginie might be tempted away for more *salaire*. Our greater fear is the hammer. We shall try to find as much use for it as we can in the *appartement*. Aunt Geneviève can always make the omelettes. ROLANDE

Will You be Doing This at Christmas?

A Study by Horace W. Nicholls

A delightful silhouette taken on the ice at Chamonix by the light of a glorious moon. Although the recent collapse of Mont Blanc's summit has altered the face of this mountain, it still preserves its normal appearance from this side. Winter sports in Switzerland this year will once again resume their pre-war activity. The number of visitors expected is unprecedented

The LITERARY LOG . . .

Rolled by RALPH STRAUS

THERE have been many ways of describing a coward, many ways, too, of explaining a coward. The coward, you hear, can be a really brave man, just as the brave man can be such because he is such a coward. It is one of those questions which continue to puzzle and intrigue, and, of course, the new psychological theories are now being brought into the business. Miss May Sinclair has written what is probably the most remarkable novel about a coward that has ever been printed. *The Romantic* (Collins: 9*s.* net) is not a pleasant book, not pleasant at all. As you read it, indeed, and enjoy the astonishing effects of her particular method, you wish that she would leave these problems of unhealth to the manuals, and tell us in her novels of normally jolly young people. She chooses, however, to show you a coward and builds up his history to fit in more or less with the theories of Dr. Alfred Adler, once a pupil of Freud's, but now the chief of the Neo-Nietzscheans.

❋ ❋

THE opening of *The Romantic* is a little masterpiece in itself. Charlotte Redhead is giving his *congé* to one Gibson Herbert who ought never to have been her lover at all. She meets a young John Roden Conway, and about him you become suspicious almost at once. There is *something* wrong with the fellow, though what exactly it is you don't learn until the two of them go out to Belgium with an ambulance corps in the early days of the War. There, however, Conway can no longer hide his own curse. He is battling, romantically, for power all the time, all the more so because he is, and knows himself to be, so egregiously frightened, so inferior and wormish a creature. Did he have his way, the world would be made to fit in with his own desires: unfortunately "his way" can come only in dreams and make-believe. And so when Conway is shot down in the back, poor Charlotte can no longer misunderstand. Fortunately for her there is somebody else waiting in patience. It is round the tragedy of this wretched neurotic that Miss Sinclair weaves an amazingly well-told story. But, oh, if the taste it left were not so pungently unpleasant!

❋ ❋

IT is not, I find, very easy to determine just how or where Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, past-mistress in the art of curdling your blood, succeeds in her purpose. There is little enough to "guess" in her books. You do not suspect the wrong person of murder or fraud: she tells you quite coolly who the culprit may be. Her stories need not even take a course that is unexpected. Yet she does produce an eerie effect unlike any other "sensational" writer. It may be that her criminals are shown subtly in their true colours, colours, that is to say, which must inevitably be blended of good and bad. It may be that she touches those chords in your own most respectable self which have something in common with the most scoundrelly rascal that ever drew breath. But it is not easy to know. And so, in dealing with the new book, *From the Vasty Deep* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) you may find it difficult to hit on the one factor which really produces the most eerie effect.

❋ ❋

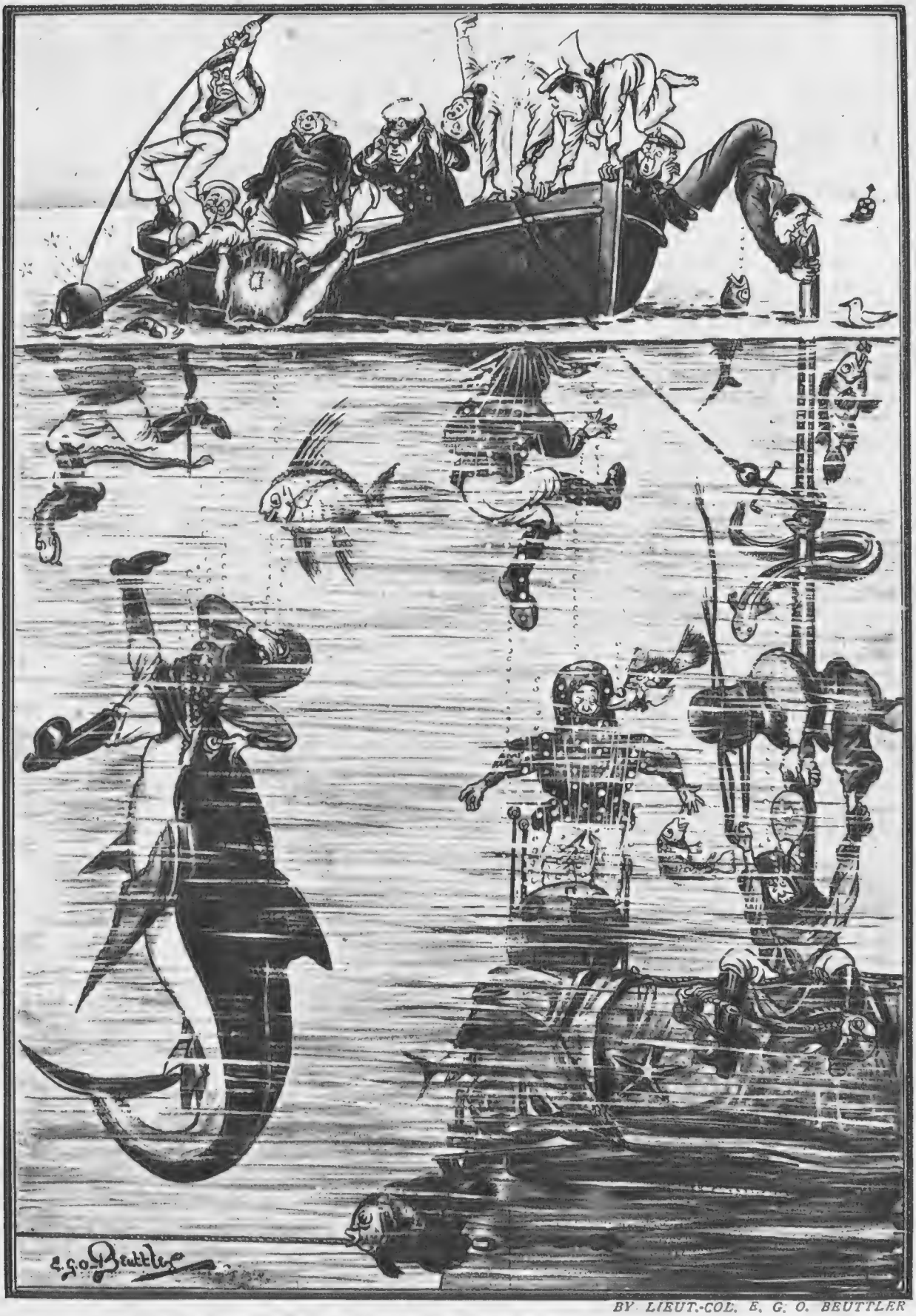
YOU have an old house that is haunted, and a Christmas party—some eight or nine people all very simply depicted. You have a young girl in their midst who is psychic, and a host who behaves rather oddly. You have a shocking tragedy very narrowly averted, and a horrible history unfolded of the very odd host. The whole affair is described without startling epithets, and at the end you know no more than that two murders *might* have explained the strange events of which Mrs. Lowndes is writing. Well, it may be that this very vagueness contains the secret. In any case questions are raised which are not fully answered, and you feel that the writer is right not to attempt a full answer. But *From the Vasty Deep* hits a note which is just the one that will appeal to the widest circle of readers.

THAT RAILWAY AGREEMENT! By W. E. WIGFULL.

MASTER TAX-PAYER: "That's fine! New trains, new stations, new signals, new everything"

MASTER RAILWAY MANAGER: "Yes, they're your present to me—and you've got to pay extra to use 'em!"

Our Peace-Time Navy



BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. VIII.—Testing submarine safety helmet and jacket for escape of crews imprisoned in submerged submarines

"'Neath Leafy Glades"

Photograph WINTER IN THE NEW FOREST *Castle*

Here is a charming setting which must chase away all thoughts of yellow fog and sticky mud by the very beauty of nature, caught in the light of a November sun. In spite of her surroundings, one seems to catch a wistful longing for gay cities in the eyes of the girl

REMOVING THE DOUBT

BY DELL LEIGH

"ARE you sure Mr. Mason got the V.C. in the War, or were you pulling my leg just now?" The girl at the piano looked across the room with studied indifference at a small man who was carefully sorting a jumbled heap of cards on the bridge-table.

Charlton, who was shovelling dusty tobacco from pouch to pipe, smiled.

"Yes, he did. Forget what for. During one of the Somme battles, I think. Why?"

"Curious," replied Margot Drury, reflectively (she was strumming odd snatches of ragtime in a vacant way), "but he's shown symptoms of quite unusual funk twice in the last two days."

"How do you mean?" Charlton looked at her curiously.

"Oh! I daresay it's nothing, but he seems stupidly frightened about quite little things," and her voice betrayed more interest than was palatable to Charlton.

"Really? 'Strordin'ry thing, why?"

"I was left alone with him yesterday, after the picnic, in Mr. Prendegast's two-foot punt. She's a beast to handle, as you know, and the Mason man couldn't manage her a bit. I suddenly pointed out to him that we were drifting rapidly towards the weir. He immediately lost his head and became hopeless, I came to the rescue with a paddle—and he looked terrified."

"H'm!" said Charlton, gravely, "I don't like the sound of that, I must say."

"And to-day," continued the girl, coldly, taking her hands off the keyboard and slewing round on the music-stool, "I was sitting in the dicky-seat of the Lancia with him, coming back from the vicarage tennis. Some sheep poured into the road suddenly by Budd's farm, and he clutched my arm and said "Good God!" simply because Dick had to swerve suddenly towards the opposite hedge. He went quite white—p-f!" She laughed rather shrilly.

"M-m," said her devoted slave, coming closer to the piano-stool, "rotten thing to do, that—don't let's play bridge. Come into the garden; it's topping to-night."

"No, we must, they're waiting." She rose.

. . . . . .

Little Mason, Bantam Mason, as he was called by brother-officers, cursed the talkative man downstairs, got out of bed, and began groping for the light switch. Why on earth couldn't people put men in bedrooms by themselves, so that they could not keep some other poor devil awake chattering half the night?

He drank water from a tooth-glass and lit a cigarette. His door opened suddenly, and the dishevelled figure of his pal, Dickie Morgan, in pyjamas appeared.

"Hullo! Ban, so you've heard it too?" he whispered, closing the door cautiously.

"Heard what?" replied Mason, testily. "I've heard some damn feller downstairs talking to beat the band. Who is it? And who's he sharing a room with?"

"He's not sharing a——. I say, Ban, there's something wrong. Very wrong. It's Frame, the butler. Those are the men's quarters below you. He's gone mad again."

"Again? What do you mean?"

"I told the Governor to look out," went on Dick, fumbling in his friend's cigarette-box. "Malbon, the second footman, he's new here, came to the Governor yesterday. Said Frame was very odd in his manner, and that he had already been confined as a mental case."

"How did the footman know that?"

"Frame appears to have told him so himself; made him swear not to say anything. The Governor wired to his last employer to-day about it. Did you notice his eyes at dinner? My word!"

"What's he doing now?" asked Mason, quietly.

"Talkin' to himself. I've been listening out of my window; it's horrible."

Mason drew back his curtains carefully, and the two leaned out into the hot night and listened.

A dull monologue stabbed the darkness.

"—— I won't hurt them, no—oh, no—just a little squeeze on their pretty white throats, and then the blood, the red blood, will run from their ears, ha!—— I won't HURT them, NO——ah!——"

The voice wandered in staccato jerks from deep bass to high falsetto. Then there would be a heave and a faint squeak of bed-springs as a heavy man flung himself over.

An owl hooted suddenly in an adjacent covert, and Dick Morgan shivered unashamed as he leaned on the sill.

Mason withdrew his body quickly, and turned out the light.

"Don't want him to see that; it's throwing a beam across the lawn. This is going to be *some* stunt, old man," and Dick heard him chuckle grimly in the darkness.

"Sit you down." Dick felt a hand press him on to the bed.

"Who's sleeping on this side of the house?" asked the steady voice of the Bantam.

"You and I, Charlton, Rivers and his wife, Margot, and old Spiers."

"And below?"

"Frame, and the two footmen. But they're at the other end of the passage. Nobody else. The gun-room is underneath here, next door to Frame, and the pantry t'other side of him."

"Gunroom locked?"

"No, by God! we never lock it. There are two service revolvers in there; one's mine, and that box of cartridges we opened yesterday to dry out."

Another quiet chuckle from the darkness beside Dick as the voice below began to chant again.

"A—a—ah! the pretty dears upstairs——I won't HURT them ——not *really* hurt——. No—— those little ears——and the white shoulders——I saw them at dinner;

REMOVING THE DOUBT (*concluded*)

I saw them——hah!——ha, ha!——"

"Nasty habits your butler has got, Dick. I'm going down to have a few words with him." Mason gave a hitch to his pyjamas and opened the bedroom door. Then he stepped back quickly. "Lor', the whole house is out on the landing."

"Whatever happens," hissed Dick, "we mustn't wake the mater; her heart won't stand this sort of thing."

The two men went into the corridor which encircled the big hall below. There they found Mrs. Rivers in a Jaeger dressing-gown; her husband, obviously very scared; Margot Drury, looking lovely in pink; and Charlton, bemused with sleep.

"Hullo! you fellows," he began in a whisper, stifling a yawn and shivering slightly. "Nice game, this. What does one do with a mad butler, six feet high?"

"Mad?" interposed Mason. "What on earth are you talking about? He's only having an ordinary nightmare; probably been eating cheese. I'm going down to wake him up. Can't get a wink of sleep."

And he moved towards the wide staircase.

Margot Drury darted forward and stopped him.

"No, Mr. Mason, it's no good pretending. We know all about it. Mrs. Morgan was telling me this morning. He's gone mad."

Dick Morgan cursed his mother irreverently below his breath.

A knot of frightened people closed round Mason. The dull voice on the floor below could be heard faintly again. The light in the corridor threw a pool of shadows into the hall, and the open door of the gun-room showed up in sharp silhouette. Mason glanced keenly towards this spot.

"All the more reason," he replied, steadily, "why you should all go back to bed. A madman does not like interviewing lots of people suddenly at 2 a.m. I'll go and have a quiet chat with him and calm him down," and he ran quickly down the stairs in his bare feet.

"We'd better stand by to lend a hand," whispered Charlton to the other two men, "the little chap won't have a dog's chance against that great brute," and they, too, padded softly down the stairs. The two women, getting very close together, leant over the banisters anxiously. They saw Mason switch on the light in the hall and heard him say firmly:

"You fellows are not to come in, only make him worse. Go back."

Then he slipped out of sight down the passage. The three men remained, listening.

Mason turned the handle of the butler's door very quietly, went in, and closed it behind him.

A figure in the bed sat up sharply with a grunt.

Mason snicked up the light.

"Sorry to bother you, Frame," he said, casually, "but I can't sleep, and I want a drink. Do you know where I can get one?"

Two steel-grey eyes looked him over inimically, and a large man in striped pyjamas began getting out of bed with great deliberation. He never took his eyes off the small man at the door, but an ugly smile pulled down the corners of his mouth.

"A drink, is it?" he snarled. "You'll never drink again—not in this world, anyway—come here, you," and he stretched out a long arm at Mason suddenly.

But the Bantam jumped aside, caught up a small chair, and flung it hard. The big man swayed as it hit him. Then Mason reached swiftly for the looking-glass, snatched it from the dressing-table, and hurled that. There was a crash of glass, and the big man fell back on the bed.

The waiting men rushed in to find little Mason astride his captive and hammering him about the head with the back of a large clothes brush.

"Come on, you fellows," he laughed, "tear the sheets into strips; he's knocked out for the moment, but he'll be a handful when he comes round."

And they did.

They took the bound man down to the local police station in the Lancia and eventually Margot Drury brewed cocoa for them in the gunroom as dawn broke.

The only person who did not chatter rather hysterically was Mason, who consumed large quantities of chocolate biscuits out of a tin, and said nothing.

It was with the greatest difficulty they got him to describe what had happened.

"But that's always the way with plucky people," whispered Margot to Charlton, as she bent over the spirit stove.

"Oh! you *do* think he's plucky, then?"

"Plucky? I think he's amazing!"

She saw Mason looking at her, as he so often did.

And she spilt the cocoa badly and blushed. DELL LEIGH

By HESKETH DAUBENY

"POP-GUN PRELIMINARIES"

MR. NEW RICH: "'Ere, you, ain't there a 'catch' or something on these guns what makes 'em safe?"

BY ALBERT BAILEY

"OVERLOOKING THE PAST"

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

"A RED RAG TO A BULL"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *December* 6

DEAR COUSIN—

I SUPPOSE it's a mistake, a very foolish and vulgar error, in this imperfect world of ours ever to be too much of an idealist. To imagine, I mean, even for a single second that things are going to happen the way they would if—well, fairly niceish people had the running of the show.

卐 卐

THE kind of people who do most things but don't make a song about it. Who know how to work and how to play, who "go with songs to the battle"—or the theatre, or the dance, or wherever it may be—who are young at heart, even if not in years—

Straight of limb, true of form, steady and aglow.

Who love beautiful things and beautiful ideas, and hate only cruelty and manners. Who . . .

卐 卐

BUT no, sounds positively too foolish, doesn't it, to go on like that? They don't come to the top, people of that sort don't, or ever even get anywhere near being "the big noise." Once, just for a little while, about six years ago, we did cherish a sort of mad hope that we really were in "the crucible of fire," and that at the end of the War, if it ever did come to an end, values were to be readjusted and we were to be "purged of all the dross" and all that sort of thing. Been purged all right, we have, but, somehow the programme didn't work out quite according to schedule, did it?

卐 卐

RATHER *extra* drossy air about the world in fact, if anything, these days, to judge by the look of things. Most of the real gold, our bravest and best, our Lord Lucases, our Raymond Asquiths, our Rupert Brookes, passed through "the refiners' fire" and—to us, anyway—lost. And in place of the new era, the golden age, the forgetting of old hatreds, the "better and saner life" . . . What?

卐 卐

FRESH casualty lists—only from Ireland, instead of France or Flanders or Mesopotamia or Palestine or East Africa or the Dardanelles. British officers, most of them men who had done splendidly in the real war, shot wholesale, some of them in their beds, by gallant Irish patriots who were much too proud to fight on equal terms against the Hun. Which last, on the whole, hateful as he is and always will be, must say I rather prefer to the Irish brand of "hero." Didn't *always* fire from behind a hedge or a door, anyway.

"M.P.s seriously agitated"

WELL, well . . . don't let's get *too* serious about it all. Fate's a fiddler, as someone says; life's a dance. *Il faut rire pour ne pas en pleurer.* And rather amusing, in its own little way, the positive *terror* that's been reigning among some of the very obscurist M.P.'s who've never even opened their mouths at Westminster yet, now that Downing Street's been barricaded and the Commons Gallery closed, lest they should be assassinated by wild Sinn Feiners for all the eloquent speeches and things they haven't made. Adds excitement to life, anyway, and makes 'em feel simply frightfully important — compensations in everything, what?

"Dressing up for the 'Garden Party' Ball"

卐 卐

MEANWHILE, dear cousin, spite of Irish alarums and excursions, and solemn conferences of Premiers concerning the Near East crisis, and all sorts of disclosures about the Huns' secret army, with its 800,000 rifles—here in London now, we remain, most of us, completely and (to those who don't know us) surprisingly calm. Even M.P.s on the whole, are more seriously agitated really about whether they're going to get that rise in pay or not

than over any mere Sinn Fein menace, and as for the rest of us—well, who *could* be really heavily worried about any mere wars and rumours of wars ahead with the winter season right at the top of its swing and Christmas already in the air?

卐 卐

ANOTHER nine and a half millions in "supplementary estimates" just asked for in Parliament, but who cares? It's the 'Varsity Rugger match this week, and the Prince is processing through London . . . and Christmas is coming. And the list of dances and shows, large and small, grows ever longer and longer. At the Hyde Park Hotel this week, for instance, there's a perfectly good ball on Wednesday for the Roll of Honour Hospital for Children, and another on the 20th for the Victoria League, which is one of the many excellent societies for promoting closer union between different parts of the British Empire.

"Winter Sports"

卐 卐

AND next week there's to happen at Covent Garden what I expect'll be one of the biggest of the big dances of the season, the great theatrical "Garden Party" Ball. It's in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, and from what I hear everyone on the stage who's anybody will be there. Mr. Gerald du Maurier is to preside over the revels, and fancy dress is to be *the* wear on this occasion, anyway.

卐 卐

RATHER dropped out of the habit of dressing-up, haven't we, these latter days? 'Cos of economy, perhaps—only, to be quite frank, there isn't too overwhelmingly much sign of *that* about, judging by the shows of the moment *and* the prices people willingly, readily, and without a murmur seem prepared to pay for them. Or is it that the *gêne*, which the War, with its perfect orgy of variegated martial and other uniforms (sometimes described by the envious un-uniformed as "fancy dress") swept away, is returning to roost among us self-conscious Britons with our ever-agonising fear of looking just the least little bit conspicuous?

"Picnic lunches in the snow"

卐 卐

FORTUNATELY, though, the stage we have always with us to preserve the tradition—and a very good tradition, too. After all, life's chiefly bearable, isn't it, as someone's said, because of its illusions. To love continually without the eternal ache of love, to die again and again without the inevitable "blood in the last act"—isn't that in its way as near an approach to the ideal as we can expect in this sometimes tragic and often drab and dreary world?

卐 卐

BUT enough of the drab, dreary touch. Time's arrived, you know, to go and order our winter sports things, for that visit to St. Moritz or Mürren or Wengen, or any of the other places where just one breath of the champagne air blows right away all the sordid woes and worries of this stuffy life of ours in town, or even country, here in England now.

卐 卐

IS there anything in heaven or earth to beat those picnic lunches in the snow, those luge runs down the slopes, those frantically exciting swirls along the banked bob run, with your heart in your mouth and your life in your hands every moment, the skating and the "tailing" parties in the frosty, rarefied air of an incredible clearness, that brings an incredible lightness and happiness to the soul of the weariest and dreariest of town dwellers?

卐 卐

THE answer, I think, is in the negative. Here anyway one can, just for a little while, safely be just a little bit of an idealist.

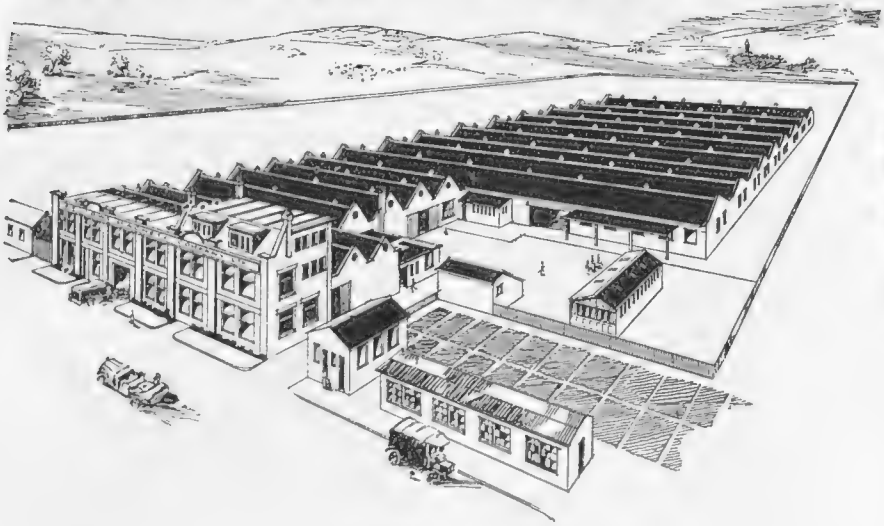
With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

An Alternative to E. P. D.

Every business man, whether interested in a large or small concern, realises how E.P.D. is crippling his trade. Up to now feasible proposals for a substitute have been lacking, but the *Financier* has just published a pamphlet which advocates a tax on turnover in lieu of the Excess Profits Duty. It shows in tangible and concise form why E.P.D. should be abolished.

ROMANCE OF AN IMPERIAL INDUSTRY



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December 2nd, 1920.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM),

Owing to the recent coal strike the further publication in the Daily Press of the "Offer for Sale" of the Company's Ordinary Shares was suspended. Full particulars are now, however, appearing in the leading newspapers, and I shall be obliged if you will kindly inform me whether you desire to participate in the offer.

In coming to a decision on this matter I would ask you to consider that, allowing for the cost of the Option Certificates (1s. 6d. each), the Ordinary Shares yield nearly 14 per cent. as an investment at the fixed price of 18s. 6d. each. As the Company's business expands, so must the Ordinary Dividends increase, the Ordinary Shares being entitled to 80 per cent. of the surplus divided profits.

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The progress of the Company is fully up to expectations, and it may be mentioned that the labour question was mutually and definitely settled last year. The trade of the Company is not confined only to the supply of magnetos to new cars, as renewals are now falling due in the case of hundreds of thousands of lorries, cars and cycles fitted with German magnetos in pre-war days. The profitable nature of the business is already well proved by the past record of the Company, and the future success of the Company appears definitely assured. The Government has agreed to introduce a Bill to protect this National Key Industry against undue foreign competition.

As allotment cannot be guaranteed for more than a few days an early application is desirable, which may be made on the form below. A fully illustrated book giving the history of the Company, together with a copy of the formal "Offer for Sale" of the Ordinary Shares and Option Certificates will be sent to all applicants.

Yours faithfully,

Director.
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***Payment may be made in full on application, or 5s. per share may be paid on application, the balance being payable within one month from date of acceptance.**

SIR,—I/We beg to enclose a remittance for the sum of £..... { for payment in full / in part payment } for..... Ordinary Shares of the above Company, inclusive of the cost of an equal number of Option Certificates, each Option Certificate entitling me/us as your nominee/nominees to take up one Ordinary Share of 10s. each in the Capital of the above Company at the price of 18s. 6d. per share at any time up to the 31st of December, 1921. I/We offer to purchase that number of Ordinary Shares and Option Certificates, or any smaller number of Ordinary Shares and Option Certificates, in respect of which this offer may be accepted at the inclusive price of £1 for each Ordinary Share and Option Certificate, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the said Company. I/We authorise you to procure me/us to be entered on the Register of the Company as the holder of such Shares. I/We hereby declare that this application is not made by or for the benefit of an enemy subject within the meaning of the Trading with the Enemy Amendment Act, 1916.

DATED this.....day of....., 1920.

SIGNATURE .....

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The Future in Clubland

BY "BOW-WINDOW"

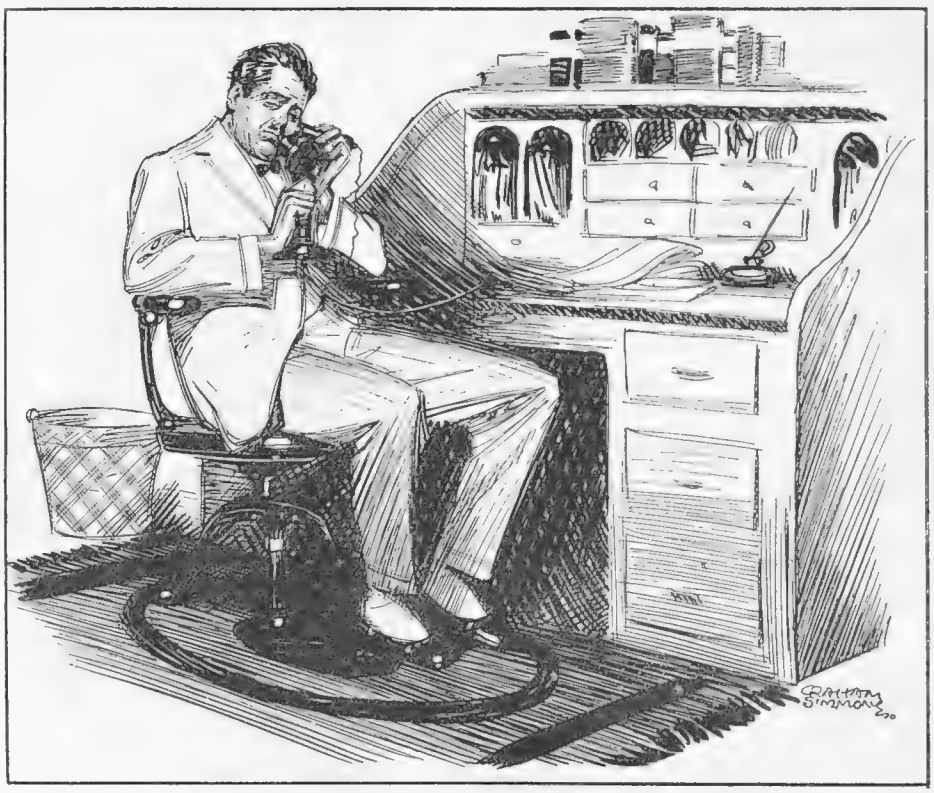
THERE have been big changes in the London club world since the days when George Selwyn and Horace Walpole designed the famous coat-of-arms that still hangs in the front hall at White's. Time was when it was the fashion to belong to half a dozen clubs; the more fashionable the young man the more clubs he belonged to. To-day few men belong to more than two clubs or at most three, and a large number are considering removing their name from one of these. Once a man's club was looked upon by his womenfolk as his own particular holy of holies, across the threshold of which she would never have dreamed of setting foot. To-day, our modern damsels expect to be allowed to come as guests to most of our clubs—and do come moreover.

When such a typically masculine stronghold as the Naval and Military lays down in its programme of alterations the provision of ladies' rooms, we may well expect anything to happen. Perhaps the next thing we shall hear is that the Athenæum have made the "Rag" an offer for their famous Greuze!

The action of such clubs as the Naval and Military and Guards', of providing members' bedrooms and ladies' suites, is making itself felt throughout the club world. The question that most men are asking themselves this month is "what club shall I give up at the end of the year?" Almost every club has raised its subscription, many by a considerable amount, and the average man simply cannot afford to belong to the same number of clubs that he used to do. Most men belong to one club which is their stand-by, their "address" so to speak, and another where they can entertain ladies, drop in and eat a chop without dressing, get a bedroom if they need it, and generally use for their convenience. Now if other old established clubs follow the examples of the Naval and Military and the Guards', a slump in these "general utility" clubs is bound to set in. From what I can hear such a slump is already threatening. Men will not pay an extra fifteen guineas a year for a "general utility" club, when they can get everything they want at the club to which they already belong.

I do not think that the younger clubs, which are used by junior members of the Services and 'Varsity men just down from their University, are in any immediate danger. Men are using clubs to-day more than they have ever done before. The prices in restaurants, and whimsical vagaries of domestic servants in private homes, make a club almost indispensable for a man working in London. The older established clubs often take some while to get into. For the Athenæum, for example, the average period of waiting is between twelve and fifteen years. In the meanwhile a man feels he must have somewhere to go and joins a junior club as a temporary measure.

An item that has hit many clubs very hard is the tremendously increased cost of upkeep. I don't merely mean food, servants' wages, fuel, etc., I mean such matters as painting, redecorating and structural repairs. Formerly it was possible for committees to put by a little each year from members' subscriptions to meet these charges. To-day, only a very substantial sum will suffice. The need of building up this large reserve fund is what is really at the bottom of the big increase in subscriptions that has been made by most clubs. My advice to anyone wondering what club to join is "choose a club that has just been done up—not one that wants doing."



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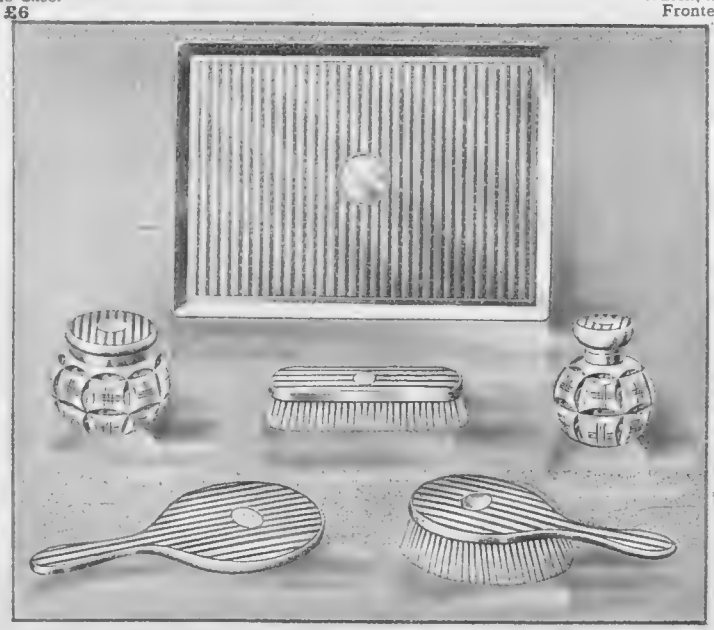

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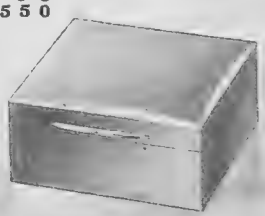

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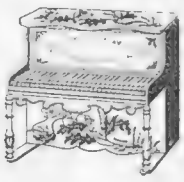
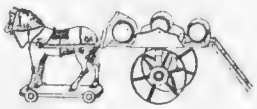


Toy Piano, walnut stained wood, painted floral design, 16 x 15 ins. 35/6



Brewers Dray, well made toy, complete in detail. 29/6

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES

"A" CREW BEFORE THE START
They gained the lead and won after a fine race by half a length

THE CAMBRIDGE TRIAL EIGHTS AT ELY
"B" crew putting off from the boathouse. The race was rowed on Thursday last under perfect conditions, and the form displayed by both crews was more than ordinarily good

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 'Varsities

THE doings of the 'Varsity "Soccer" teams are always somewhat overshadowed by those of their Rugby rivals, and this has become more noticeable now that the two inter-'Varsity matches are played within a few days of each other. There is, however, every probability of a keen struggle, and one that will be well worth watching in the match at Queen's Club next Saturday, and despite what one has heard to the contrary, I think we shall find that the standard of play is improving. Cambridge did a smart performance in beating a Chelsea team last Thursday, and on the strength of that victory will probably start favourites. The Oxford defence, however, is good and will take some overcoming.

Photographs *Sport and General*

H. H. S. HARTLEY
The C.U.B.C. President, *en route* for the starting point. He stroked the winning Cambridge eight last spring

HOCKEY

The Umpire and his Job

HOCKEY has made such strides of late and the number of matches played each week has increased so much that the authorities were obliged to make an appeal a short time back for more umpires. I am told that this appeal has met with a fairly ready response, and this is more than merely satisfactory, for it shows that the game has a sufficient hold on those whose playing days are practically over to induce them to give up their Saturday afternoons for the benefit of those who are following in their footsteps.

What it Involves

THERE is, of course, a good deal of enjoyment to be got out of umpiring by a man who is keen on hockey, particularly if the play is good and the sides are evenly, or fairly evenly, matched, and it helps to keep one fit. On the other hand it means a lot of hard work, and work that is not invariably interesting. In a word there must of necessity be a good deal of drudgery about umpiring. And because of this I should like to offer a suggestion.

A Suggestion

I SUGGEST that the Hockey Association should see to it that these men who umpire regularly week after week are given, as far as their capabilities admit of it, the big matches as well as the little ones. Too often does it happen, when a "big" game comes along, such as a trial, or an International, or the 'Varsity match, that umpires are detailed—it is not always quite clear by whom—who are not in the true sense of the term umpires although they may be men of experience and capable enough of taking charge of the game. And I think I am right in saying that this is not quite as it should be.

Two Good Reasons

IN the first place it is not quite fair upon those who bear the brunt of the umpiring work throughout the season that these "occasionals" should be imported and put in over their heads, and,

(*Continued on page 754*)

The Question

WHICH SIDE HAVE YOU BACKED

OXFORD

The Annual Rugby Football Match between Oxford and Cambridge is not only one of the principal Inter-'Varsity contests of been a stepping-stone to International honours. On these two pages our artist has

of the Hour

FOR TO-DAY'S "RUGGER" MATCH?

CAMBRIDGE

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

the year; it is also an event of extreme moment in the Rugby Football world, and for many of our greatest players it has recorded in caricature, her impressions of some of the protagonists in to-day's encounter

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

in the second place, for really good umpiring practice at umpiring is essential and the most experienced player in the world who only umpires now and again will not be as efficient an umpire as the man who is always at it. For these reasons I think that the duty of appointing umpires for the "big" matches should be entrusted by the Hockey Association to a small committee who would be enjoined to compile a list of regular umpires who were also thoroughly efficient and to make their selection therefrom, in rotation as far as practicable. In this way two desirable objects would be attained. The "big" games would be thoroughly well umpired and a number of deserving people would be suitably rewarded.

GOLF

The Garb of the Mighty

GOLFERS who are of a conservative turn of mind will doubtless have read with some consternation that on the occasion of his first appearance on an English course after his return from America Harry Vardon was garbed in the American fashion, that is to say he had discarded the ordinary jacket of cloth which is supposed to be *de rigueur* over here in favour of one of those useful garments, known to some of us as "woollies," of the cardigan or coat-sweater type which are much in vogue on American courses. He and Ray also wore coat-sweaters in their recent match at Oxhey with Duncan and Herd

Photograph *Central News*

OUTSIDE THE REFEREE'S PROVINCE

The rival captains indulge in an embrace before the Association football match, in which the Bramtoco ladies beat the Pirelles ladies for the championship of the South of England

An Anti-Coat Crusade?

ONE wonders whether they are starting a crusade against the conventional form of attire. If they are I imagine that they will gain not a few adherents, for it is certainly curious that golf is about the only athletic game at which the player is not supposed to be hampered by the wearing of a coat. And yet one has only to consider the number of gadgets which ingenious tailors have devised for giving the coat-wearer greater freedom in order to realise that this is not really so. Even a Vardon or a Ray could hardly afford to play golf in a coat if he found that he could play better in something else. H. S. S.

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RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Is There a Slump?

I AM wondering how the big bloodstock sales which are being held at Newmarket this week will work out. Is there a slump? Things are undoubtedly bad in the City just now, and money is tight all over the country. This means that there will be less cash to spend on racing, and we need not be surprised if those who are selling thoroughbreds this week encounter some sharp disappointments. Still, bloodstock-breeding is a great industry in itself; well-bred yearlings have been fetching more money than ever before, and the demand for the services of fashionable sires exceeds the supplies. Therefore, I can see no real reason for pessimism, and I expect there will be buyers for all the best stock this week. The unfashionably bred lots will not be easy to get rid of at any price.

Ups and Downs

EVERY season we get curious examples of the ups and downs of racing. Last year Lord Glanely's horses could hardly do wrong, and they put him at the head of the winning list with the fine total of £31,100. During the past season he experienced the less pleasant side of the game. His total of winnings amounts only to £5,400, which, I imagine, is not sufficient to cover the cost of entrance fees and forfeits, to say nothing of the upkeep of a big training establishment at Newmarket and all the other outgoings which devolve on the man who races on a large scale. This remarkable contrast between the two seasons is by no means unique. I recall that the late Colonel Harry McCalmont headed the list one year, and in the next season could hardly win a race, a falling-off which considerably bothered the Income Tax people. Mr. "Fairie" Cox, too, had some blank seasons as well as those triumphant times when Bayardo and Lemberg were carrying his colours. It can at least be said of Lord Glanely that he is not down-hearted. The season's reverses have not diminished his enthusiasm, as his sensational bidding at the Doncaster sales clearly indicated.

National Hunt Riders

FRANK WOOTTON rode his first winner under National Hunt rules last week, and if he steers clear of mishaps he is sure to take a prominent place on the list of successful cross-country riders. Many of the qualities which contributed to his immense success on the flat will stand him in good stead over the jumps. He should be a keen rival to J. R. Anthony and F. B. Rees, both very fine cross-country horsemen. There is no sounder all-round jockey under National Hunt rules than W. Smith. Joe Canty, who has "signed on" with Robert Gore's stable for the season, is another who can always be counted to put up an artistic display. Mr. Harry Brown and Captain Bennet are about the best of the gentlemen riders.

"REINSTATED" By "THE TOUT"

Everyone is glad to hear that the trainers' gate has once more been opened to Tom Coulthwaite, whom "The Tout" pictures above, after long exile from active work as a trainer. Tom was a mighty force in the days before the war, and prepared two National winners, Eremon and Jenkinstown, as well as a host of others on the flat and "over the sticks"

Going Steady

THINGS are sure to be quiet in winter racing during the next few weeks, and as for there being "less money for betting," as one writer suggests is now the case, surely that applies to the start of every jumping season. There are too many mischances in 'chasing for people to punt as freely in the winter as they do in the flat-racing season. What is more, we all like the form to settle down a bit before we have a dash. For the present, therefore, our speculations are on the modest side, just sufficing to give us an interest. I see some of the bookmakers are already out with offers to bet "40 to 1 the field" on the Lincolnshire Handicap, so there's your chance if you think you "know something." For my part, I prefer to wait for the weights or, any rate, the entries, before I make any of these fancy, ante-post bets.

Some Selections

THIS week we shall be racing at Windsor and Sandown Park. Bob Gore is doubly represented in the Windsor Steeplechase on Wednesday with Silver Ring and Loch Allen, but my fancy is **Magic Maid**, a very promising young jumper.

RACING NOTES (concluded)

The December Hurdle Handicap will afford an interesting puzzle on the second day. I expect to see **Wavelinda** repeat his recent success. We always get first-class jumping at Sandown Park, and the programme for the week-end is attractive. **Planet** is my selection for the Annual Hurdle Race on the opening day, while the Sandown Steeplechase on Saturday, which will attract some Grand National horses, may be won by **The Bore.**

HUNTING NOTES

Tokens of Appreciation

THE first few weeks of the hunting season have been pleasantly marked by presentations to people who have deserved well of their fellow-sportsmen. A notable characteristic of hunting, and one which finds no parallel in other branches of sport, is the readiness of men to devote nearly all their time and an appreciable part of their fortunes to running a pack of hounds. Mr. George Fitzwilliam recently said that he could hardly afford to hunt nowadays, yet he continues to shoulder a large part of the big expense involved in keeping the famous Milton pack, and it is estimated that he and his forebears have spent £100,000 in providing sport with hounds. In after years the M.F.H. usually has a tangible token of the appreciation of those to whom he has shown sport.

ADMIRAL AND MRS. WILKINS
Photographed at a recent meet of the Bramham Moor Foxhounds at Deighton Bar in Yorkshire

Wanted, Puppy Walkers

Do those of you who live in a hunting country walk a foxhound puppy? If not, why not? Yes, I suppose a couple of mischievous pups about the place are sometimes a nuisance, but, after all, somebody has to look after the young hounds until the time comes for them to return to the kennels, and it is not fair to leave the job entirely to the farmers. Hunt members ought to do much more in assisting the local pack in this direction than they have done hitherto. The shortage of hounds after the War in the majority of kennels has been remarkable, and one way to help the packs to get back to strength, as the Master of the Cricklade Hounds recently pointed out, is to afford a good home for the puppies.

Photographs] **HUNTING IN IRELAND** *[Sport and General*
In spite of the harrowing tales we read of massacres in Ireland, the Bray Harriers, who meet near Bray, Co. Wicklow, endeavour to secure some good sport. The photograph shows Captain and Mrs. Hames arriving for the meet

Improving Sport

RECENT rainfalls have done much to improve sport with hounds, and last week was decidedly the best of the hunting season so far. The Belvoir hounds were in particularly fine form after meeting at Waltham, their hunt of an hour and twenty-five minutes with a fox from Goadby Gorse being worthy of the best traditions of that famous pack. It was particularly satisfactory to the huntsman to be able to handle his fox at the end. After his brief spell at Sandringham, the Prince of Wales returned for sport with the Pytchley, and had some good galloping over the cream of their country in the Crick and Hillmorton district. A bright run of forty minutes with a bob-tailed fox from Crick Covert was the best thing of the day. Conditions at the moment of writing are very favourable for hunting, and we ought soon to hear of some really big runs. A.W. C.

The Christmas Gift of a Lifetime— A Necklace of Técla Pearls

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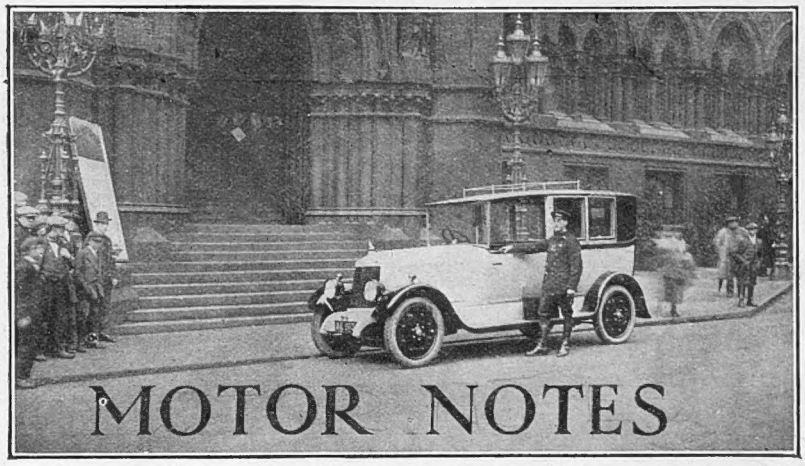


MOTOR NOTES

THE LORD MAYOR OF BRADFORD'S LIMOUSINE
This car is a 6-cylinder Armstrong-Siddeley; the impressive building behind is the Town Hall

OLD-TIMERS in the world of wheels gathered at the Piccadilly Hotel the other evening to congratulate Ernest M. C. Instone, J.P., and city magnate of Coventry, on his successful association with the Daimler Motor Company for twenty-five years this coming April. Mr. E. Manville, M.P. for that City, was in the chair, supported by the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, M.P., Mr. Charles Hardy, Sir Julian Orde, Mr. Mays-Smith, Lord Herbert Scott, D.S.O., Mr. Claude Johnson, Mr. Siddeley, Mr. J. K. Stacley, Mr. Sidney Straker, in fact, everybody who has helped the motor industry to attain from nothing to its eminence to-day; a hundred stalwart heroes, during that period, were the personal, intimate friends of Ernest.

* * *

IT was a memorable gathering, the speeches were excellent, and, moreover, sincere, while I am glad a permanent record of this dinner, in the shape of a massive silver tray on which all present had their signatures engraved, will remain in Instone's possession for, everybody hopes, many long years to come. Mr. Hamilton Hobson, who was the Hon. Secretary who organised it, is to be congratulated on his happy idea and on the successful issue of his labours. Instone, himself, made the speech of his life in thanking his friends, and remarked that only death had ever robbed him of a friend, a record to be proud of. Long may he live with this sure foundation of happiness.

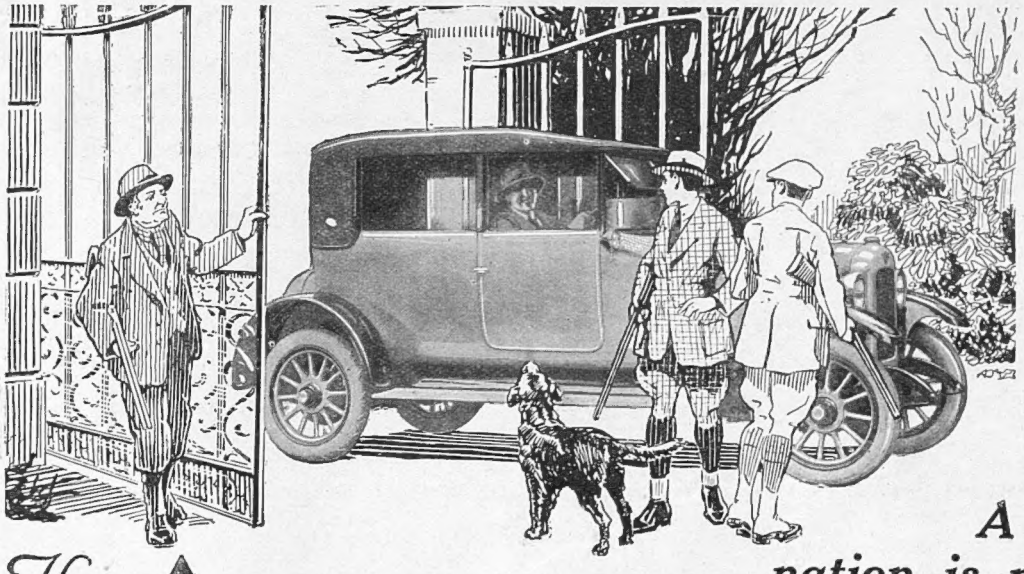
* * *

IT has been a week of festivities as the Cycle and Motor-Cycle Show at Olympia had gathered from all parts of the country many folks interested in the various forms of motor sport. At the Holborn Restaurant, the British Motor-Cycle Racing Club held their annual dinner at which all the famous racing motor-cyclists were present, creators of records of speed and endurance. Brigadier-General Sir Capel Holden, K.C.B., presided on that occasion, supported by Mr. Loughborough of the A.C.U., and other notabilities in the motor racing world. This club has done a great deal to improve the "poor man's motor," as the two and three wheelers have been termed, but at present prices one must not be too poor to be able to purchase even these machines, though they cost little to run.

* * *

AT the Motor-Cycle Show at Olympia, which finished last Saturday, there were motor-cycles displayed which were guaranteed to travel 150 miles and over per gallon of

(*Continued on page 762*)



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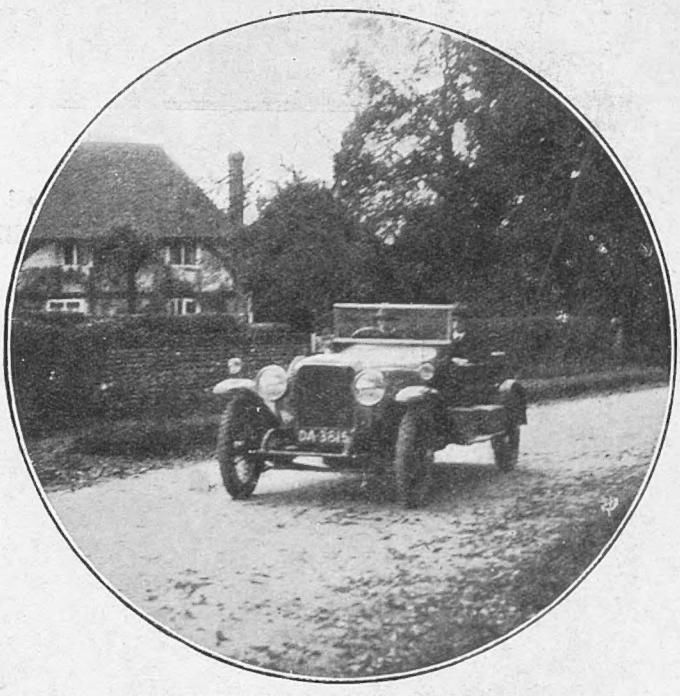
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

petrol, and at speeds that seemed incredible but for the records made by the members of the B.M.C.R.C. as testimony of the truth of such assertions. It is due to the racing cyclists that the manufacturers had improved their machines in design, in speed, and in economy of running, as each time they failed to win one event in which they competed they went round to the maker and told him what they thought about his machine and what he could do with it. They thus have been public benefactors as well as jolly sportsmen, and thanks to Mr. Locke King, who built the Brooklands racing track to give them the opportunity to race each other, they have enjoyed excellent sport in the past, and look forward to equal pleasures in the future.

* * *

But as the British Motor-Cycle Racing Club can be regarded as the premier track-racing organisation, so the Motor Cycling Club may be looked upon as the first of the road motor-cycle competition organisers in this country. With that splendid sportsman, Mr. Charles Jarrott, as their chairman, this Club holds its fourteenth annual dinner at the Wharncliffe Rooms on Friday next at which the prizes gained in the London to Exeter, London to Edinburgh, and other competitions will be presented to the winners. Unlike many other such festivals the fair sex will be present in force, for this club has many lady members who are riders and drivers of motor-cars and motor-cycles, quite as keen and as skilful as their sweethearts, brothers, husbands, and fathers. Moreover, they face the unkind elements of nature with equal disregard to personal comfort, for it is no light task to take part in such competitions that put all thought of a night's rest outside possibility



LATEST MODEL OF THE 24 H.P. 6-CYLINDER SPORTING SUNBEAM
This car has distinguished itself at Brooklands for speed, and in addition has proved its durability by making the best time at several hill tests

* * *

The Show was direct evidence that the manufacturers of cars and motor-cycles realised women as potential purchasers, for every exhibitor laid claim that he had produced a machine for a lady to handle. These girls, then, can rightly claim to have done their bit in improving the breed of motor road vehicles, so I hope that they will have a right merry evening this week, as a slight return for the service they have rendered the pastime generally. Old Hy.

The Duke of Marlborough after his victories being received by Queen Anne.

Reputation

Reputation inspires confidence and strength. The great "Marlbrook achieved such a reputation for supreme competence and invincibility that in the later years of his campaign it meant more than half the battle. His soldiers felt that "Corporal John" could not fail—that he would act up to his reputation.

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